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EDITOR: LESLIE F. CHURCH, B.A., Ph.D.

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Editor: LESLIE F. CHURCH, B.A., Ph.D.

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Editorial Comments

THE CHURCH OF SOUTH INDIA

IT may well be that future generations will count 15th August and 27th September 1947 as dates which mark two great focal points in history. Whether the birth of an independent India or the birth of the new Church of South India is the more important event no man can say. Each represents an adventure of faith, and each may accomplish a spiritual victory which will 'overcome the world'. That there are perils to be faced no one can deny, but at the moment the future of the Church of South India seems, indeed, hopeful.

In his most moving description of the Inauguration of the Union in St. George's Cathedral, Madras, the Rev. A. Marcus Ward writes: 'As, at the stroke of 8 a.m. on 27th September 1947 the Cathedral bell rang, and the organ played, and the procession moved up the aisle, an ineffable sense of peace and gladness, of awe and worship, fell upon the great congregation. All the problems and answers, the disappointments and achievements of the past years, suddenly seemed to fall into place. We had been right in believing that God had a purpose for us and that He would bring us to where we had prayed to be.' That was the spirit in which Indians and English, Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists moved, as actors in a great drama of the spirit, towards a solemn and tremendous climax. Never before in the long history of the Christian Church had there been a moment quite comparable.

As he remembers the ceremony over which he presided, Bishop C. K. Jacob says: 'We recognize that this is only the beginning of a great venture of faith and fellowship. We hope and trust that this will be a challenge and a call to inspire wider movements towards closer co-operation, fellowship and unity among all people throughout Christendom.'

One who, as Secretary of the Joint Committee on Church Union, has helped so much in its accomplishment, the Rev. J. S. M. Hooper, sent a message to *The South Indian Churchman* in which he says: 'We recognize that the process of "growing together" will not be automatic, any more than the union itself has come without conscious effort. We must continually set ourselves to greater understanding of one another, to fuller mutual forbearance, to sharing one another's burdens—and in all things to preserving the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. We must keep before us always the end to which we are called, and in the greatness of our common task of Evangelism, learn to rely on one another and to love one another.'

We who have watched so anxiously the progress of the movement towards union, now stand astonished at its accomplishment, asking ourselves whether it can be so. It may be that as we survey the situation at home we are discouraged and are tempted to explain away our failures on the ground that the conditions are so different and the problem more complicated. Would such a contention be true? Dare we forget that the Church of South India has triumphed over racial difficulties which do not face us here? The miracle has

happened in Madras, are we to be sceptical of such a possibility in London or Edinburgh or Belfast?

One is humbled as one reads the appeal of P. K. Morisingh and prays that a hundred voices might echo it to the Christians in England: 'I appeal, therefore, to my Indian brethren to enter into this Union in a spirit of brotherly love and true charity, esteeming the other better than oneself and bearing the other's burden and thus fulfilling the law of Christ. Ours is a land which is famous for its poets, philosophers and saints. It may be in the Providence of God that a land which has given birth to a Sankara, a Ramanuja . . . will in the fullness of time give to the world a Christian Sankara, a Christian Ramanuja. It is said that the world waits for the true interpretation of St. John's Gospel from an Indian mystic. . . .' Reading these words, one wonders whether in the Union itself there is not already a new commentary on the Fourth Gospel—a living exemplar of that Love which passes knowledge, and which waits to burn up our ancient prejudices on the altar we, too, might raise.

It is our great privilege and pleasure to welcome the organ of the united Church. *The Madras Diocesan Magazine* is to be re-named *The South Indian Churchman*, and now becomes the official magazine of the Church of South India. To the Editorial Board we extend our cordial greetings and our good wishes. (It may be of interest to our readers to know that the yearly rate of subscription for the magazine is, in England, four shillings. The Business Manager is Mr. G. S. Fredericks, Diocesan Office, Cathedral P.O., Madras.)

CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP COURSES IN THE ARMY

Disappointing as it is that the armed forces of the nations are still being maintained in these days of uneasy peace, there are some features which give one cause for thankfulness. Amongst the more encouraging signs is the inception and growth of Christian Leadership Courses in the British Army, and the corresponding Moral Leadership Courses in the Royal Air Force. These continue to develop, not only at home, but also overseas. Those who have intimate knowledge of them rejoice in their present efficiency and increasing usefulness. Many men and women who took part in such courses during the war are now accepting the responsibilities of leadership in civilian life. In the Middle East Land Forces a centre has been established at Fayid, where the Rev. F. Elgar Leyland, M.A., is now Principal Lecturer. 'The object of the Christian Leadership Course is to stimulate the desire of men to base their way of life on those spiritual foundations which are found in the Christian faith and to show the essential relationship between religion, character, and conduct.' Officers, non-commissioned officers and men have the opportunity of attending lectures at a special centre for a period of eight days during which the non-religious view of life is challenged by Christian assertions, the relation of the Christian faith to the formation of character is discussed, and the relevance of Christian witness to human conduct is explained. One remembers vividly such courses in Jerusalem, Rome, and Assisi during the strenuous days of war with gratitude and appreciation. They were established and maintained in

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several battle zones in spite of incredible difficulties. It is encouraging to know that not only in England but overseas such specialized study is being continued in this testing-time between the cessation of war and the long-delayed arrival of real peace. Only those who have experienced the relief of leaving routine duties in a unit to share in the inspiration of a vital fellowship of discovery can appreciate the full value of these courses. To those who view life in the Army as a tragic waste of time we would commend the study of the present syllabus of lectures delivered at such a centre as Bagshot Park or Fayid. The lectures in themselves are excellent, but the freedom to discuss and to question and the intimate association of men and women in their common quest for Truth are factors in what becomes for many a great experience.

AN AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

Each day in this critical period through which Britain is passing brings some new evidence of the generous and affectionate attitude of the other members of the British Commonwealth. We have received from Australia House information about a town to be built as a memorial to those who lost their lives in the Second World War. It is a *children's town* to provide a home for orphans and it is being built in Wattle Park, Melbourne, by the members of the Methodist Church of Victoria. Already more than £60,000 has been collected towards the £100,000 required. The Methodist Church has secured a site of twenty-two acres of picturesque parkland.

More important than either finance or location is the purpose itself. The idea is to bring orphans from Great Britain to live with Australian children in beautiful and homely surroundings. Though the details of the scheme are not yet complete, it has been decided that the township will have a children's chapel, with a Shrine of Remembrance, a nursery, a school and a recreation hall as well as a number of cottages in which the children will live. It would seem that the originators of the plan intend to make it possible for their guests to grow up in the atmosphere of homes rather than in that of a mere institution. Special care is to be given in making suitable provision for very young children. The cottages are to be grouped round the main settlement, and Mr. Charles Lynch assures us that all the buildings are being 'constructed on modern lines, in keeping with the latest trends in architecture and civic planning'. The organizers hope that by the time the buildings are completed, temporary difficulties of transport and emigration will be overcome, and houses will be ready for a number of orphaned children of the British Isles in the healthy and beautiful surroundings of the Australian countryside. Here, then, is another proof, if such were needed, of the deep-rooted and thoughtful regard of our kinsfolk overseas. A few days ago the wife of a university professor remarked: 'I was born in New Zealand and have lived there all my life, but I never call this country *England*, but always speak and think of it as *Home*.' In that real relationship lies a great hope for the future of the whole world.

MANUSCRIPT DIARIES

We have received a letter from Professor William Matthews of the University of California which we commend to the notice of our readers. Any help that can be given in supplying suitable information will be helpful to research students and to scholars in America and England.

SIR,—I am compiling an annotated bibliography of British diaries. The work on printed and manuscript diaries in British and American libraries is complete; but some English scholars have suggested that I should add privately-owned diaries. May I appeal to your readers, therefore, to send me the following details of any privately-owned diary which seems to have scholarly or general interest: (1) the diarist's full name, dates, abode, and occupation; (2) the beginning and end dates of the diary, and two or three lines characterising its chief contents and interest; (3) its page-length; (4) the name and address of the owner.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM MATTHEWS

'Professor of English University of California.'

c/o 21 Palace View,
Shirley, Croydon.
Surrey.

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS

Many young people today tend to make their reading utilitarian, says Sir Harold Bellman in *Cornish Cockney*.¹ Speaking of his own youth, he continues: 'We were less restricted. We brought more receptive minds to our reading, and, above all, we opened our minds to refreshment and enjoyment.' In his own book of 'Reminiscences and Reflections', Sir Harold has succeeded in satisfying both tastes for here is something which is as useful as it is entertaining. It has some of the better qualities of escapist literature, but it has also a very distinct value as a commentary on fifty years of 'men and affairs'.

For those whose lives began in Victorian England it will have a special charm. They will share with the author memories of things they had temporarily forgotten, until he wakened them with his magic words! The mention of a panorama 'wound on rollers fronted by gas footlights', the milkman shouting 'Milko!' as he fills 'the oval brass-lidded pails' from the central churn standing on 'a small hand-trolley resplendent with brass rails', the Devonshire cream with its thick yellow crust, the 'ream', spread like butter on thick slices of bread and liberally garnished with treacle—we called it 'thunder and lightning'—these things arouse a nostalgia which is more than the wistfulness of age. It is a restful experience to wander back into Cornwall with the Cockney who is so very Cornish at heart, in spite of all his roaming.

There is, however, much more than such pleasantries. Here is a book that is alive to modern circumstance, yet neither bores by constant reiteration of 'the

¹ *Cornish Cockney*, Sir Harold Bellman, D.L., J.P., LL.D. (Hon.) (Hutchinson, 15s.)

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necessity to increase production' or some similar slogan, nor irritating by the repeated proclamation of some economic or political panacea. Sir Harold has brought an unprejudiced, alert, and discerning mind to sixty years of life. His vivid descriptive power and his keen sense of humour have helped us to see the situation, to feel the tensions and to appreciate the stresses and strains without unnecessary depression or weariness—but he does not rest content with dramatic stage-settings. We are to be more than amused or interested. He takes us behind the scenes and introduces us to many actors. We meet them for a moment on equal terms, because of his intimate introductions. We would like to ask them questions, but he anticipates our desires, for he asks those very questions and lets us listen in to their answers.

Nor does he rest satisfied with people in the passing show. We must 'go places' with him, and what a pleasant guide he is! We travel in Europe and lose our hearts to Vienna, grow a little sombre in the Soviet and feel the charm of Italy even if 'our feelings are tinged with bitter regret that a country which produced Mazzini and Cavour should throw up such types as Mussolini and Ciano.... Mussolini as a whole was a heavy price to pay for punctual trains.'

In America we study the psychological peculiarities of our good friends, not only in the White House or on the shores of Lake Michigan, but also in the typical home so completely moulded by its presiding genius—'mother'.

In Africa, the Middle, East and South America we wander happily and profitably with this genial guide who is philosopher, raconteur, critic, and friend. But this is much more than an easy book of reminiscence. It is a valuable estimate of men and movements during the past sixty years. We must have good music and see the world, but we must try to discover what men are doing and why. The quaint colouring of Victorian England, the heavy clouds torn by flame in two great wars, the social experiments of the grim years between and the complex problems of the present hour are surveyed and assessed by one who is competent to give a considered opinion. Whilst we may not agree with all his conclusions, we respect them and feel compelled to review the evidence before we can demand with confidence a different verdict.

There are some things which make the book a special pleasure. The sharply-etched pictures of many outstanding figures are presented by an artist whose faculty of appreciation gives us a straightforward portrait, welcome enough in a day that is too ready to accept the distortions and insincere subtleties of caricature. In his lavish portrait-gallery, Sir Harold has given us one of his best pictures in the treatment of perhaps the most difficult subject. Every reader will be grateful for his wise and discerning portrayal of Neville Chamberlain. 'Were there two Neville Chamberlains?' he asks. 'Was he, in fact, the simple umbrella-man hoodwinked by Hitler?' In answering these questions, he suggests that in his earlier ministerial phase Neville Chamberlain was primarily concerned with domestic policy and in the later period 'his attention was sharply focused on international issues. It was the culminating tragedy of a career which had seen many misfortunes that, essentially a man of peace, he had to take the country into a conflict against the powers of evil.' Whilst no fair-minded person cares to pronounce final judgement on the evidence available, we feel that Sir Harold, in this as in many other cases, has helped us towards a reasonable interim judgement.

Again, in his survey of the social and economic problems of the period, the Chairman of the Abbey National Building Society brings his intimate knowledge to bear on past history and future prospects. Few men have been able to become specialists of international repute on any subject so complex as 'housing' and at the same time develop a many-sided personality interested and competent in so many spheres. His sympathetic approach to educational matters, for example, whether in the case of approved schools, the National Children's Home and Orphanage or the affairs of Queenswood and Clayesmore is interesting and, at times, compelling.

Perhaps most important of all, this book is the record of a man's life. It is written by the man himself, glorying in his humble beginnings and happy in his ultimate success. He affirms, quite courageously, the spiritual values which he learned to appreciate in his home and which came, in part, from his Cornish ancestors. No honour bestowed upon him, and he has had many, no success, and his success is obvious, can blind him to the main formative forces of his life. He has received many distinctions but he makes no secret of his religious loyalties or of his spiritual indebtedness.

'Next to the influence of home life I unhesitatingly place the influence of the old Chapel. . . . It was, in the formative years particularly, the place of spiritual refreshment. Attendance at morning and evening worship plus Sunday school or Bible class in the afternoon didn't make the Sabbath dull. On the contrary, Sunday was *the* day of the week. It was full of colour and interest.'

It is encouraging to read amidst all the bustle of world affairs this frank confession: 'I have used the word "conversion" without apology and quite unshamefacedly. . . . I only desire to record my conviction, on the basis of personal experience, that it can happen and that it is much more than a flash in the pan.' So we come to a final chapter in this book of colourful movement and fittingly enough, it is headed 'Credo'. In his humble confession of faith, he concludes: 'I am not able to draw any distinction between the relative worth of this labour or that. Each has a definite part in the Divine plan, and every man may find in his own calling the best vehicle for expressing the faith within him. I am certain it is not enough merely to conform to the best ethical standards of one's own business. Something more is required, what that something more means is indicated in the teaching which flowed from pastoral Palestine 2000 years ago, which used the simple but graphic metaphors of the salt, the leaven, the candlestick, the city set on a hill.'

We repeat, this is an easy book to read, but it brings us face to face with right values and high purpose in a day too full of uncertainties.

EDITORIAL NOTE

It is with deep sorrow that we learn, as we go to press, of the death of Mr. Gandhi. Our hearts go out to his stricken people, and our prayers continue for the peace of the world—for which he died.

LESLIE F. CHURCH

Articles

THE SEVENTH ECUMENICAL METHODIST CONFERENCE

I. THE PAST

IT was in 1881 that the Methodists of the world first came together from every continent and all the separated denominations to recognize their fundamental unity as heirs of the Evangelical Movement which brought revival to the land of its birth and accompanied the pioneers who were to make the waste places of the earth to blossom as the rose. It was a bold venture, for not a generation had yet passed since the most destructive of all the agitations which had shaken British Methodism spread hatred and ruin in hundreds of circuits. Only five years longer had elapsed since the great American Methodist Church had been disrupted, and indeed only half a generation had gone by since the bitterest of civil wars had deepened the wounds left by that great schism. But the Holy Dove was abroad bringing back an olive leaf. This was the harbinger of reconciliation. In Wesley's Chapel there knelt at the table of the Lord some who had been protagonists in the fearful conflict of the mid-century.

Ten years later Ecumenical Methodism met again, this time at Washington. To one who looks through the files of the contemporary religious Press, the most excitement seems to have been roused by the cautious attempts made in one of the sessions to recognize the changing conditions of thought and their bearing upon Christian theology and the approach to the Bible.

In 1901 Wesley's Chapel was again the meeting place, and a successful conference proved that closer co-operation was to be looked for even though the age of reunion seemed still remote.

In 1911 a great assembly at Toronto was held when the long era of peace between the great nations was drawing to a close. In that decennium Russia had crumpled up in her war with Japan, now the great power in the Orient, and German aggression and bluster was sounding alarm throughout Europe. Within three years the First World War was to break out and blight the hopes of revival which were faintly stirring in the air both at home and abroad.

In 1921 the fifth Conference was held in London. This time the venue was changed from City Road to the Central Hall at Westminster. This country, just emerging from the terrible agony of four years of war, was plunged into economic depression. The attendance of the general public was meagre, the hall, not then fitted with acoustica, was an echoing vault. A contemporary description was written by Dr. W. L. Watkinson to his friend, F. W. Macdonald: 'The last week was absorbed by the Ecumenical. I attended nearly every day. It has been generally felt that the Conference has not been a conspicuous success. The members of it have not attended too well, the general public not at all. The absence of our representative men has been marked at all the services, the preachers present few and far between. The place itself has acted like an extinguisher, vast and vacant, making it next to impossible to hear, and very difficult to recognize the individual. City Road would have been infinitely preferable. The Papers were on the whole good, the Americans

especially so. The spread-eagle style hardly appeared. . . . The Conference ought to have answered a high end, I am afraid it has not. The coldness and indifference of the Methodist world are undeniable and must have chilled our visitors. It certainly has not cemented our friendship, and I am sincerely sorry.'

In spite of the distressing failure of the British hosts on this occasion, American hospitality and enthusiasm ensured a triumphant success of the next Conference at Atlanta, Georgia, in 1931. All the British delegation came back loud in praise of their experience in the South. They had encountered a type of Methodism, in the white and coloured churches alike, which was altogether fresh in their experience. They received also a sympathetic insight into problems which are foreign to our history in this land.

But for the Second World War, the seventh of these Conferences would have been held at Oxford in 1941. As this was impossible it was feared that twenty years would separate the two assemblies, for the economic and domestic position in Great Britain precluded any hope our sending an invitation to our friends overseas. As it was in the long interval the machinery of Ecumenical organization had fallen into disrepair. Then the sudden death of the two secretaries of the Eastern Section, the Rev. Dr. A. W. Harrison and Mr. Russell Roseveare created a grave problem just when American generosity revived the hope of an intermediate Conference. The invitation to hold the seventh Conference at Springfield, Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1947 was gladly accepted, and the British Conference elected a strong team of representatives. But the Church as a whole had lost interest, the decay of the organization made it difficult to raise the necessary funds, the financial crisis and the uncertainty of securing shipping passages led most of the delegates to cancel their arrangements, so that at one point it seemed likely that only a handful would cross from this country to take part. Once again American liberality saved the situation. Hospitality was offered from the date of landing in America till the day of embarkation for the return voyage. Moreover, any wives who were visiting America with representatives were to be co-opted as full members of the Conference, with all the privileges that this implied. In the end a considerable delegation from the British Conference took a full share in the crowded programme, together with representatives from all over the world.

One feature that gave a fuller meaning to this Conference was that before it opened for some weeks a number of our own delegates were given the opportunity of visiting many parts of the States, preaching, addressing colleges, schools, universities, public meetings and Rotary clubs, inspecting the work of the many departmental ministries of the Methodist Church in America. Because of this we did not enter upon the Conference as complete strangers. Numerous friendships had already been formed, and many more were on a secure foundation before the Conference came to an end. When the results of this seventh Ecumenical Conference come to be assessed this vital factor must on no account be overlooked.¹

¹ Mention should also be made of Dr. Newton Flew's highly successful Shaffer Lectures at Yale, and of Mr. Victor Murray's lectures at several universities and colleges.

II. SPRINGFIELD, 1947

On Monday 27th September, and the following day, hundreds of Methodists from every State in the Union, from Mexico and Latin South America, from the British Dominions beyond the seas, and from many a mission field, were ending their pilgrimage in this city of about 150,000 inhabitants, with beautifully laid-out suburbs, and one of the loveliest natural parks possessed by any city, stretching over 750 acres.

The sessions of the Conference were held in the morning at the beautiful Trinity Church, with its equally beautiful Chapel, its perfectly equipped institutional premises, that must have made our Sunday-school workers and youth club leaders sigh with unsatisfied longing. In those hot days of late summer there was always cool refreshment in walking or standing about on the fresh green sward that separates the church buildings from the road. In the evenings our meetings were held in the great City Auditorium.

Again and again we were reminded that the audiences at these evening meetings were not to be compared with what we should have seen had the Conference been held in the Deep South or in the Middle West, where Methodism is immensely strong. New England, with its historic Dissent, was never congenial soil for the heart-warming message of the Methodist evangel. And now the rapid spread of Irish Roman Catholics and of Jews throughout Massachusetts prevents us from taking anything like the position which our Church occupies elsewhere. There was one strong reason for choosing this venue. The spacious hotels in this city know no colour bar, and Methodist sentiment in America rightly demands this liberty in a Conference which makes all distinctions void.

Since the last Conference was held at Atlanta in 1931, Methodism in Great Britain has seen the union of the three large Methodist Churches. More recently a similar union on a vast scale has taken place in America between the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the Protestant Methodist Church. The great strength of a Church of ten millions in one united body was in the geographical background of our assembly.

There were personal factors that counted for much in this Conference. First, everyone would name Bishop Ivan Lee Holt, the President of the Western Section, who was the leader of the whole enterprise. This gracious Southern Methodist was educated at the famous University of Chicago, where he specialized in Semitic languages and Babylonian and Assyrian archaeology, and gave up an academic career of great promise to be a Methodist minister. His charming manners and winsome personality were largely responsible for the spirit of happy fellowship that prevailed throughout. His lieutenant was Dr. Oscar T. Olson, who is minister of the important Epworth-Euclid Church at Cleveland, Ohio. This man of commanding presence and pleasantly forceful character has had a great deal to do with the successful organization of the Conference. Of the speakers from that side one calls to mind the greatly beloved veteran Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, Bishop Lewis O. Hartman, Presiding Officer of the Boston Area, for so long known as the able Editor of *Zion's Herald*, Professor Edmund D. Soper of Evanston, the well-known theologian and writer, Dr. Harris Franklin Rall, for so long a Professor at the

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Garrett Biblical Institute, Professor W. A. Smart of Emory University, Professor W. Warren Sweet of Chicago University, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, the distinguished leader of Methodism in the New York Area, Dr. Umphrey Lee, President of the new and influential Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas, known to many of us through his brilliant *John Wesley and Modern Religion*, Bishop Ralph S. Cushman of the St. Paul Area, Professor Edgar Brightman of Boston University, the well-known philosopher, Dr. Roy L. Smith, the racy Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Professor Fred S. Holloway, the popular Dean of Drew Theological Seminary, with his twinkling eyes and infectious humour, Dr. Paul Hutchinson, Dr. Clayton Morrison's successor in the editorial chair of the *Christian Century*. Then we had fugitive visits from such well-known preachers as Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, and Dr. Ernest F. Tittle, who addressed evening assemblies. The list is far from complete, but one more name must be recorded, that of the veteran leader of Ecumenical Christendom, Dr. John R. Mott.

The Conference suffered an irreparable loss in that the Chairman of the Eastern Section, the Rev. W. J. Noble, was prevented almost at the last moment by doctor's orders from sharing the presidency of the Conference with Bishop Ivan Lee Holt. His wide knowledge of America and his mastery of the problems of world evangelism, to say nothing of his high reputation with American Methodists, would have been of inestimable value and given a weight of authority to the British delegation which was sadly missed. Dr. Harrison's place was indeed hard to fill, but in Dr. Harold Roberts we had not only a highly efficient secretary, but a thinker and speaker whose two addresses stand out among the most memorable utterances of the entire Conference. It was a source of satisfaction to many that the President of the British Conference was honoured by the conferment of an honorary D.D. by the Victoria University, Toronto, and that the Lay Secretary of the Eastern Section, Mr. Duncan Coomer, M.A., was similarly honoured by the American University, Washington, with an honorary LL.D. degree. One of the deepest impressions left on the minds of many delegates was that of the sermon preached by Dr. W. E. Sangster at Trinity Church on the Sunday morning, after an impressive speech on 'The Transforming Gospel' the previous morning. Excellent addresses were given by British speakers on 'Sixteen Years of British Methodism' (E. Benson Perkins), 'Christian Ideals of Marriage and the Home' (J. W. Waterhouse), 'The Modern State and Human Values' (Dr. M. L. Edwards), 'Methodism and the Common Man' (Dr. E. W. Baker), 'The Religious Life and Worship' (F. H. Cumbers), 'The Sacraments and Christian Living' (W. R. Shearer), 'Methodism and Its World Mission' (E. Gordon Rupp), 'The Rehabilitation of Dislocated Peoples' (A. S. Leyland), 'Methodism and the World Council of Churches' (Dr. H. Watkin-Jones), 'The Ecumenical Organization of Methodism' (Miss Alice Walton), and 'The Methodist Ideal of the Church' (Dr. W. E. Farndale).

It was a joy to our representatives to meet those who exercise leadership in the Dominions, such as Dr. J. W. Burton, President of the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Australia, the Rev. W. G. Slade, President of the New Zealand Conference (who brought the house down by complaining of the omission of his Dominion from the map of the world published in one of the

official documents and then adding that he found comfort in the discovery that Great Britain was also left out), and Dr. Sisco, Secretary of the General Council of the United Church of Canada. Two of the most challenging addresses were those given by Dr. Paul W. Quillian of Houston, Texas, in which he described his unconventional methods of reaching the complete outsider in his city, and Dr. Paul Hutchinson with his picture of the 'World in which Methodism Serves' painted in the sombrest colours, reminding one rather of Juvenal's satires or the description of Roman society given by Tacitus in the first book of his *History* than of Paul's gloomy account of the pagan world without God in the opening chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. For Paul does follow up that picture with God's message to man's deepest need. There are other forces in the world. 'Where sin did abound grace doth much more abound.'

The complaint has been heard that there was too much talking and not enough opportunity for discussion. This is to forget that every afternoon four groups met to discuss the four papers read that morning, and the speakers were there to listen to criticisms, and to answer questions, as well as to remove misunderstandings. A more legitimate criticism is that too many papers were crowded into each session.

One of the best features of the Conference was the devotional framework into which the addresses were fitted. Both at the morning session and at the evening meeting a carefully prepared order of service was in the hands of all the members. There were responsive prayers to keep the mind from wandering, as it sometimes does when lengthy extempore prayers are offered from a platform. But it has been objected that it was hardly fair to ask one of the representatives to conduct such a service and then five minutes before the session to hand him an order of service which left practically nothing to his choice but the delivery of an address; and, excellent as many of these were, it is open to question whether an additional address was necessary when two, three, or four addresses were to follow.

Special mention should be made of the service of Holy Communion on the first morning and the Covenant Service with which the whole Conference was brought to a close. The most accurate preparation lay behind the arrangements for the Sacramental Service, but some of the members were shocked by the presence of batteries of cameras manned by Pressmen who were at work at the chancel steps while members were receiving the sacred emblems. Press publicity was given to the Conference in generous measure. At this point zeal outran discretion.

Singing played a considerable part in the sessions, and gratitude was felt to the two Masters of Singing, who, in American fashion, conducted the hymn-singing with a baton. Instrumental accompaniment suggested a contrast with our British custom of unaccompanied singing at Conference. The deepest contrast was in the hymns chosen. We could wish that before the next Conference in 1951 every member might be presented with a copy of Bernard Manning's *The Hymns of Wesley and Watts*. If we are to keep in step in our evangelical theology, our surest link of fellowship is in our glorious Methodist hymnody.

The readers of papers fell into two complementary types. From the Eastern Section, almost every speaker spoke with the ring of evangelical conviction.

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His message was rooted in Biblical theology, while aware of the world in which that gospel has to be applied. Those from the Western Section were predominantly concerned with an analysis of the present order. I rather think that both theologically and socially the American emphasis is where ours was forty years ago. America is prosperous, as we were then. Its dangers are those of an epoch when the rich are in possession, and when the message of the Church is that of Amos or St. James. Our cry is from out of the depths, and to us comes the word, 'O Israel, hope in the Lord, For with the Lord there is mercy, And with Him is plenteous redemption, And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities'.

The question is being asked: What are the results that justify the expense and the disturbance of the regular work of the Church involved in holding such an assembly of Methodists from all over the world? And, further, If such international gatherings of Christian representatives are necessary, have we not already provision for this in the huge Conferences of the World Council of the Churches?

In answer to the first, it may be said with confidence that American Methodism as a whole has shown its response to this opportunity of enlarging its range of interest beyond continental limits. In the hundred odd annual conferences to be held this spring, and in the Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Church of America to be held this summer, evidence will be there in abundance of an awakened concern for a unified witness of our Church in the face of world needs. The Methodist Churches of the English-speaking world overseas are enthusiastically involved. They cherish their part in this ecumenical Methodism. With regard to the second question, it is enough to say that the supreme leader in this Springfield Conference, Bishop Ivan Lee Holt, is an avowed believer in a still wider organic union. He is an apostle of ecumenicity in its widest sense. But the surest way to prepare for that still remote Reunion of Christendom is to make Methodism so wide in its world outlook, so deep in its experience of that evangelical message which has in a peculiar way been committed as a sacred trust to the followers of John Wesley, that when the day for reunion dawns the Methodist Church will be in a position to bring that great contribution in all its fullness into the common inheritance of Christendom. Already in Canada Methodism is merged in a larger Church, in South India our most precious work is being handed over to the South India Church. Glorious as are these works of the Spirit, they carry with them peculiar perils that are best averted by a continuous fellowship with a world-wide Methodist movement. In all movements for the creation of a world Church there are powerful influences at work which repudiate the testimony and tradition of the reformers of the sixteenth century. In the interest of Ecumenical Christianity a strong Ecumenical Methodism is a necessity.

Unfortunately, the time at which the Springfield Conference was held and the conditions under which our religious Press is carried on in this country made against the publicity which it merited in Great Britain. The Press notice given even in our Methodist papers was lamentably inadequate. Unless more is done to maintain interest and to spread information in the next four years we shall be unable to play our part as hosts in 1951. That would be a failure of the first magnitude. Its repercussions in America would be calamitous.

So far British Methodism has been told but little about Springfield. Before long an abbreviated report of the papers read and the speeches delivered at the Conference under the heading, *The Witness of Methodism in this Era*, will be published, and should be read far and wide. But the Message of the Conference, largely drawn up by Dr. Edmund D. Soper, will soon be in circulation, as well as a summary of the practical resolutions proposed by the Committee and sanctioned by the whole Conference. The publication of these in the Methodist Press and the discussion that they may provoke will do much to rouse public interest in the future of the movement.

III. THE FUTURE

For sixty years Ecumenical Methodist Conferences have been held at ten-year intervals, and have been largely controlled by America and Great Britain. Little has been done in between these Conferences. To secure continuity of thought and action, and to throw far wider responsibility upon the younger Methodist Churches, it is proposed to have not two sections, Eastern and Western, but to have a large number of regional councils in the different continents, with proportional representation in the membership of the General Council. Adjacent groups can meet from time to time to discuss the questions that will demand further debate in the General Council, and that will form the subject of consideration at the Ecumenical Conference itself. Correspondence between the Secretaries of the various regional councils and the Headquarters Staff (if such can be established) would ensure a regular and continuous fellowship in thought and experience throughout world-wide Methodism.

Committees on various aspects of common concern may be set up for mutual counsel and exchange of information between the corresponding departments in Methodism all over the world.

Oxford, 1951. Tentative inquiries are already being made in the hope that British Methodism may be able to fulfil the invitation given before the outbreak of war to hold the next Ecumenical Methodist Conference where the name of Methodist originated. Until the British Conference has assumed responsibility, this can be but a pious hope. In many ways, this would be an ideal place for such an assembly. Of course, large public meetings would be impossible. Oxford is not a Methodist centre and stronghold. But quietness and concentration, so important a condition for a religious conference, would be ensured.

If, however, such an invitation is to go out, it seems probable that the membership of the Conference must be numerically on a limited scale.

The one thing that we must not allow ourselves as a Church to accept is failure to carry the thing through in a manner worthy of our past. London, 1921, must on no account be repeated. Neither must we fail to provide such hospitality as our guests could reasonably expect. They know the spartan conditions under which we are likely to be living for years to come. They will not expect us to rival the astounding scale of American entertainment. But they will rightly look for an interest in the Conference to be shown by our whole

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Church. It is not too soon to be beginning already to prepare British Methodism in its entirety to rise to this opportunity. This paper may close with a few suggestions:

(a) Let those who were members of the recent Conference take a lead in rousing our Church to a sense of the vital importance of this world-wide view of our mission. This must be done in the Press, on the platform, at Conference, in the Synods, and in the Quarterly Meetings of the circuits.

(b) Financial preparation must be made, beginning *now*. It is no use to wait until a few months before the Conference is upon us. There should be an active canvas of those most likely to be able to help, and, if spread very widely over the whole country, small sums from circuits would raise in the total amount a considerable sum, and would serve to spread the range of interest taken in the Conference. The Treasurers of this Conference will have an absorbing task for the next three years.

(c) A careful preparation of the programme of subjects and the choice of speakers will engage the Committee's attention as the time draws nearer. The subjects should be relevant and urgent, and the speakers selected for their personal suitability and their power to communicate their message to the Conference.

(d) If possible, the sessions should be held under conditions which make it possible for every member to see and hear every speaker with ease.

(e) The devotional programme should be carefully prepared in advance, while leaving room for spontaneity. Reverent forethought can be combined with wise flexibility.

(f) Press publicity both before and after the Conference is necessary if the Conference is to have more than a domestic significance. We have in Methodism those who are eminently equipped to take this side of the preparations in hand, and to make the needful contact with the Press Association and with the B.B.C. so that the right kind of information goes out to the general public. We complain about neglect or misuse by the Press, but this is often due to our want both of wisdom and of courtesy, also of hospitality toward those who would gladly help us while serving the public.

The next Ecumenical Methodist Conference lies little more than three years ahead. Unless British Methodism is to lose its good name with our friends overseas, it must take in hand at once and with a sense of urgency the preparation for what may well prove a supreme opportunity for serving the present age.

WILBERT F. HOWARD

WHAT IS TRUTH?

THIS QUESTION is obviously the subject of a metaphysician, and I, alas! never have been, am not now, and never will be a metaphysician. My interests and training have been in the fields of politics and sociology, in which truth is conspicuous, if not for its absence, at least for its barely perceptible presence. Politics indeed might almost be defined as the art of dodging the truth as long as possible—an art of which England furnishes many excellent exponents from time to time. My interest in this great problem is theological. There is a peculiar relevance in the theological aspect of this question to our situation today.

Let me make quite clear, therefore, that I am not going to attempt a philosophical treatment of my subject. I propose to do something much more difficult and drastic. I am going to challenge the competence of mere philosophy to answer this question at all. Philosophy can certainly ask the question. It can formulate the problem, but cannot solve it. In the very process of appropriating truth, philosophy turns truth, partly at least, into untruth. When Kant discovered the creative power of mind in perception, he unwittingly gave proud human reason a good kick in the pants.

I

What is Truth? The general attitude of all philosophy to this great question has been 'let's find out', underlying which is the very clear, cocksure assumption that reason is an adequate instrument for the purpose. To all secular philosophy—and most religious philosophy too, for that matter—truth is a mere matter of discovery by human reason. Philosophy seldom suspects that reason itself is incapable of knowing the truth. It is true, of course, that various philosophies of scepticism have asserted that ultimate truth is beyond the power of the mind to comprehend, but they have then proceeded to invalidate that conclusion by treating it as ultimate truth itself. The final truth (for the sceptic and agnostic) is that there is no truth. Whilst this is formally a denial of the competence of reason, substantially it affirms it.

Now this trust in reason is part, of course, of the deeper assumption of the omnipotence of man, which is humanity's basic sin. And this is the essence of history. History is the incarnation in society and institution of this radical belief that man is really all-powerful, that there are no limits to human creative power. In terms of philosophy, this works out as belief in the power of reason to discover and appropriate truth. It reached its climax in the pre-Christian world in classical Greek philosophy, especially in Platonism. Plato clothed human pride in the garb of idealism, which has taken in many a Christian thinker. It took in, for example, almost the whole school of the Greek Christian Apologists, from Ignatius to Origen. In our time, it has taken in Dean Inge, so completely, that Inge simply cannot conceive the possibility

that reason is not competent to know truth. In a different form, too, Aristotelianism is equally an affirmation of the sufficiency of reason, and in Thomism it established itself in Catholicism to such an extent, that the Catholic doctrine of reason is really semi-Pelagian. The Catholic synthesis of Augustine and Aquinas has never worked perfectly.

But in the Renaissance, with the rise of the modern spirit, modern man threw off the remaining Catholic inhibition on pride, and reason began to preen its feathers, preparatory to its giddy flight to absolute omnipotence. It is in the modern world that man's pride has shown of what it is capable, both in philosophy and in experience. Beginning with Descartes' *Cogito ergo Sum*, which assumes the infallibility of self-consciousness, modern thought finally arrived at the colossal arrogance of Hegelianism, and from that point it went on to the anti-climax, the bathos, of scientific Naturalism. Hegel, who was born in 1770—the same year as saw the birth of Beethoven—persuaded himself and a host of followers that in his dialectical philosophy he had formulated the truth finally and for ever. Hegel's pride reached gigantic proportions. The final truth is that world is the dialectical explication of idea. It is the self-development of reason—nous—through self-contradiction to self-consistency, i.e. through thesis and antithesis to synthesis.

Like Mr. George Robey, Hegel was not arguing, he was telling us. Somewhere about 1830, the age-long human quest for truth came to an end in Hegelian dialectic. And it was a German who discovered it. It led to some very surprising, unpleasant results. One was the absolute character of the Prussian State, which all other states copied. And another, long-distant result, of which we have been experiencing a somewhat nasty taste, was the doctrine of German racial supremacy. Why not? If a German has really discovered the final truth for man and the world, then the German must be a blooming marvel. The logic of it is that we should bow down before him. The discoverer of ultimate truth deserves the submission of Europe. But we reject the logic, the conclusion. But does not that imply that there's something wrong with the premises? Armed resistance to secular ideologies has profound philosophical implications.

Now Christianity is a direct challenge to this basic assumption of philosophy, especially modern philosophy, about the competence of reason. Christianity asserts that man cannot *discover* truth. Truth is not the object of a rational search. It is, rather, the object of revelation. Truth is not something which man finds. It is something which he *receives*. Modern man has borne a tortured, perverted witness to the truth of the Christian denial of the self-sufficiency of reason. Nazism was itself the lying denial of a lie. In its psychological doctrine of thinking with one's blood, which Spengler first adumbrated, and Oswald Klages developed, there was a protest against modern rationality, which is really an involuntary tribute to the profound truth of the Christian revelation. The very lies and exaggerations and abnormalities of secularism are an indirect tribute to the truth of Christianity. Nazism was the symptom of the intolerability of the whole contemporary situation to the soul of modern man. One element in that situation is the philosophical assumption that truth is something that can be trapped by human reason, the reason of the natural, fallen, unredeemed man.

Now in its doctrine of the Fall of Man and of Original Sin, Christianity makes certain revolutionary assertions about human nature, which have very far-reaching metaphysical implications. As a result of the Fall of Man, *human nature has been corrupted*. As the General Confession puts it, 'there is no health in us'. It is a matter of decisive importance for us to see what this means—and also what it does not mean. Indeed, to understand clearly what it does not mean is nearly as important as to see what it does actually mean.

Original Sin and Fall do not mean that we today are cursed simply because of the sins of our ancestors; that we are involved in a general doom quite apart from our own will and activity. We are responsible for what we do. We are sinners in virtue of what we will ourselves. But we are also responsible, to some degree, for the consequences and effects of our actions. That is to say, we cannot dissociate ourselves from the results of our acts in the reactions of other people. If you punch a man on the jaw you are involved in his reactions to your punching of him. The multitudinous interactions of human behaviour create a total social situation, in which all human beings are involved, and are therefore, to some degree, responsible. So, Adam's sin has created a situation in which I sin, and it is because I sin that I am responsible.

Thus Original Sin has become a principle of contradiction in human nature, which affects the whole human nature. No single capacity or function of man remains unaffected so, in the sense that no part of human nature is untouched by sin as contradiction, we can speak of the total corruption of human nature. But in no other sense. It was in this sense that Calvin meant total corruption. We must distinguish between 'total corruption' and 'total depravity'. Total corruption—i.e. all human nature is affected—is a Biblical doctrine. Total depravity—i.e. man is incapable of any good at all, his nature is entirely evil—is a Protestant corruption of the Biblical doctrine of total corruption. Total depravity is sheer nonsense, pure illogicality. If man is entirely depraved, conscience is meaningless, and he ceases to be a moral being. Total corruption is a different doctrine entirely. Sin enters into every human activity of thought, will, and feeling. Pure, unmixed, one hundred per cent goodness is an impossibility. Something of radical egotism, of basic self-will, penetrates every activity of human nature. Its effect is dialectical. It tends to turn into its opposite. Let me very briefly illustrate what I mean.

The Renaissance, which is the root of modern European culture, and civilization, really discovered the principle of individuality. It made of individuality a supreme value. It initiated and developed the cult of individuality. It organized civilization around the principle of individuality and subordinated everything to the necessity for developing the individual as a person. Its prayer was the opposite of Browning's—do not elevate the race, but make giants, great men, outstanding individuals.

We see this principle in action in the Roman papacy, in Italian politics, in the rise of the absolute monarchy. Machiavelli expressed it in political philosophy, Sir William Petty and (much later) Adam Smith expressed it in economic theory. Bruno, Descartes, and a host of others expressed it in philosophy. For a time all appeared to go well. But we are now witnessing the fulfilment of the cult of individuality. In modern mass production, in Communism, in the standardization and uniformity of the machine, the

gospel of individuality has turned into a new tribalism, the gospel of the herd and the horde. The dream of individuality has turned into the nightmare of collectivity. We can see the same process exactly at work in the French Revolution, in the rise and development of Capitalism, in Protestantism, and, in fact, in every characteristic modern movement. Sin manifests itself as contradiction.

The application of this to the activity of reason is quite clear. Man is fundamentally egoistic, which fact operates as a tendency to pervert and twist all his activity. Proceeding from the basic motive or desire to be independent of God (which is man's original radical sin), reason, in the act of perceiving truth, tends to turn it into untruth. In the process of ratiocination, by which the mind appropriates truth, truth becomes less than itself. By the time reason has completed its comprehension of the truth, truth has become something different. It has been compounded with the basic egotism of human self-will—and you no longer have truth. This is the meaning of the Barthian doctrine of the Holy Spirit. If we may recall it, Barth analyses the psychological processes of fallen, unredeemed reason in this way, God speaks His Word to man, but what man hears is not the Word as God utters it. In the act of listening, which is the act of a basically self-willed being, the Word of God degenerates into a word of man. Divine, pure truth has been compounded with the alloy of egotism. Hence, there is no Word of God without the Holy Ghost. Man can only be sure that what he is hearing is the pure Word of God, if God, as Holy Ghost, is also in man's listening. Revelation is revelation only if the Holy Ghost is present in man's heart and mind. Otherwise, revelation degenerates into human concoction, a fact which is illustrated abundantly in all non-Christian religions and also in a good deal of the Christian religion, Catholic and Protestant, in philosophy, and all human rationality. In the fallen mind of man, truth undergoes a mysterious process of transmutation into untruth. What is truth? That, the *natural man* can never know. This is the Christian answer, in the first place, to man's arrogance of reason.

II

Now we must not be so innocent as to expect the world to pay the slightest attention to this Christian challenge to its proudest claim—that reason can appropriate truth. Fallen man has a few more hells to endure before he will abandon his bantam lordliness. This little irrational cockerel, so proudly strutting on the dung-heap that he makes of history, cannot be expected yet to give serious attention to the Christian challenge. He dare not. For a long time to come—but perhaps not so long—he will continue to rationalize his spiritual cowardice, to persuade himself that his lack of moral guts is really superior intellectual power—so superior that he cannot condescend to listen to all this fantastic balderdash about original sin, God made man, atonement, final judgement, heaven and angels and harps and all the rest of it. But meanwhile, it is not without interest that secular culture itself is unwittingly lending a little bit of colour to the Christian contention.

(a) Marxism, whatever its other defects and miscalculations, has established

one fact beyond any reasonable doubt, namely, the class element in all culture. History and experience are increasingly confirming the Marxist contention that, in all cultural activity, there is a considerable element of selfish class interest, disguised and camouflaged. To some extent, philosophy, morality, and theology (which supremely embody men's ideas of truth), are a rationalization, more or less unconscious, of naked class interest. What is thought to be objective truth turns out, on closer analysis, to be justification and defence of class, competitive interests. Take two extreme examples—the Catholic doctrine of the Just Price, and the extreme Protestant doctrine of individual salvation. Pure ethics and pure theology? Well! Not quite! The Just Price forbade usury altogether. Because it was morally wrong? Partly. But the forbidding of interests was also a tactic in the defence and perpetuation of Feudal society, in which the Church was top dog. That is to say, popes, bishops, archbishops, etc., were the governing class in the Feudal order. They were big landed proprietors. Usury was the device of a new rising commercial class which was slowly being created by a developing world-market, which, if it succeeded, would destroy Feudalism and so would displace a Feudal governing class by a commercial class.

Usury, therefore, was immoral. The selfish economic interests of the Catholic hierarchy more than somewhat clarified their spiritual insight. Mixed up with a burning realization of ethical truth was a still more burning realization of Number One.

The Protestant doctrine of individual salvation was a reflection of classic capitalism, every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* transcribed into theology. Classic capitalist theory had reduced society from an organic unity into a collection of isolated atomic individuals. In its decline, Protestantism reflected this in its doctrine of salvation.

In his very important book, *Ideology and Utopia*, Dr. Karl Mannheim has systematized all this argument and shown that the mind is constantly being deflected from truth by basic self-interest. It is true of Marxism. Karl Marx, who saw the selfish element in bourgeois culture with such devastating clearness, was blissfully blind to the same element in his own philosophy.

(b) The Marxist analysis of social processes has been corroborated, in the field of individual psychology, by psychoanalysis. Freud, particularly, has shown that one of the essential activities of conscious mind is the rationalization of unconscious motives and interests. And rationalization is the attempt to present self-interest as truth. Reason is incapable, therefore, of pure perception.

III

Truth, then, cannot be discovered by rational search. It can only be revealed. Revelation is truth. To assume that, by searching, man can come upon the truth fortifies his colossal pride. To admit that he cannot, that, if he is to know truth, he must humbly accept it is a bitter pill to swallow, a pill which, in the process of swallowing, tears the throat. It is the intellectual counterpart of the New Testament distinction between man's love and God's love, between the Platonic *eros* and the New Testament *agape*. *Eros* is man, in his idealized

pride, thinking he can rise to God. Agape is God, in His infinite mercy, condescending to man, revealing Himself to him. 'But he made himself as nothing, taking the form of a servant, being made like men; and being seen in form as a man, he took the lowest place, and let himself be put to death, even the death of the Cross.'¹ *That is Truth.*

What, then, is truth?

The principle of the solution to this eternal problem is Jesus Christ. Christ is Truth. 'I am the way, the Truth. . . .' Christ is truth on His own terms. Not on man's terms. Christ is not truth, if He is approached scientifically. Then He becomes merely a problem, the most insoluble of all problems, a fact to which the variety of rational judgements about Him so amply testifies. When men approach Christ with the idea that He must first of all satisfy their conditions, He becomes an enigma. To Mr. Upton Sinclair He becomes a socialist. What an imbecility! To see in God Incarnate a twentieth-century socialist! To the Marxist, He becomes a class-conscious revolutionary. To Liberal Protestants, to Harnack, for example, He becomes a progressive, enlightened German. To the romantic Renan, He becomes a wistful, charming sentimentalist. All this is very interesting and very significant, but it isn't truth. And our question is—What is Truth?

Christ is to be approached as the New Testament demands—first of all as Judge, so that through His judgement of us He may become our Redeemer. It is somewhere within that region of judgement and redemption that truth will find us.

So the conclusion I have come to is that this question is not philosophical, but theological. If we are ever to know the answer to this question, we must move from philosophy to theology. At bottom, of course, all questions are theological, politics, and economics; for example Communism is supremely a theological phenomenon. One sign of the tragic incapacity of our secularized generation to comprehend truth is its contempt of theology, which it regards as of no more significance than astrology. This contempt of theology is the inevitable intellectual expression of human omnipotence. What truth can you get on such an assumption? When man falls victim to the final delusion that there are no limits to his creative capacity, he begins to lose the power to perceive the simplest and most obvious of facts, like H. G. Wells, for example, who right to the end saw nothing more in man than his animality. Man is merely 'a lonely-spirited ape'. That is what we come to at last. For the last twenty years of his life, Wells wrote the same self-satisfied book over and over again.

Rational appropriation of truth depends on moral submission to God in Christ. When our world begins to be haunted and disturbed by Him, this question, What is Truth? will be one step nearer solution.

D. R. DAVIES

¹ Philippians 2⁷⁻⁸.

THE MESSAGE OF BAPTISM¹

IN THE concluding verses of St. Matthew's Gospel, we read that before His Ascension our Lord gave commandment to 'make disciples of all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost'. This statement is widely and not unjustifiably questioned, inasmuch as the earliest Christian baptisms were performed not in the Triune Name, but in the name of the Lord Jesus. Yet even granted that the formula is not original, it would seem unduly sceptical to assert that our risen Lord never gave any commandment to baptize. For the primitive Church from the very first preached and practised baptism in the conviction that such was His will; and the New Testament knows nothing either of unbaptized Christians or of the debates, so widespread today, about the necessity, meaning, and value of baptism.

It is true that St. Paul is sometimes quoted as setting no great store by baptism; for he thanks God that he baptized but few of his Corinthian converts, and declares that Christ sent him not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel.² But here the Apostle is dealing, not with the doctrine of baptism, but with a threat to the unity of the Church; and he reminds his readers of their own baptism, not in order to disparage it, but to use it in support of his appeal for unity. So far from deprecating it, he rather protests against the perversion of its meaning by the attachment of undue importance to the person who administers it. After all, he was baptized himself;³ as he assumes the readers of his Epistles to have been;⁴ and while he may generally have left baptizing to others appointed for it, yet he did on occasion himself baptize.⁵ Furthermore, he cannot mean to suggest any opposition between preaching and the sacramental rite, for baptism belongs to the Gospel and he himself more than once names it in direct connexion with the Cross, which is the very heart of his preaching. In the New Testament, the proclamation of the Gospel to those outside concludes with the appeal: 'Repent ye, and be baptized . . .';⁶ and for the instruction, exhortation, and encouragement of those already baptized, their baptism frequently furnishes the text.

The situation is very different today, when baptism is often a subject for discussion and debate, but rarely indeed for preaching. The reason for this is not far to seek. Baptism has become divorced from its original connexion with the Gospel, so that questions can be asked about it such as never occurred, and could not occur, to the first Christians.

The Gospel is the proclamation of the mighty work God wrought when He sent Jesus Christ into the world. It is the message of how through the incarnation, death, and resurrection of His Son, God has inaugurated a new, divine order of life in the midst of the old order of this world. It declares that as He once delivered ancient Israel out of bondage in Egypt and instituted the Old Covenant, so now He has accomplished a far greater deliverance and established a New Covenant for a New Israel. In Jesus Christ, God Himself has entered into our world of sin and death; through His Cross and resurrection

¹ Address delivered at the Commemoration Service in the Chapel of Handsworth College on the 14th November 1947. ² 1 Corinthians 11³⁻¹⁷. ³ Acts 9¹⁸, 22¹⁶.

⁴ e.g. Romans 6²—written to Christians not personally known to him.

⁵ Acts 19^{4ff}; 1 Corinthians 11^{4ff}. ⁶ Acts 2³⁸.

He has decisively broken the tyranny of all evil to which the children of Adam are subject; and this He has done out of pure grace in order to furnish a way of redemption for all mankind.

The Gospel is the good news that God has given our race a new beginning by raising up Christ as Saviour and Lord. For Christ is the Second Adam, the New Man, in and through whom God has initiated a New Creation, the Resurrection of the dead and the Regeneration of the world. Christ is not simply a figure of past history, existing by and for Himself. He is Head over all things to His Body, the Church, of which all Christians are members. In this Body He still lives, through the Spirit, on earth; and He builds it up by means of the Word and Sacraments, whereby He unites His members with Himself and gives them to share in all that is His. By incorporating them into His Body, He makes them partakers of the New Covenant, members of the Redeemed Humanity, heirs of the Kingdom of God.

Now according to the New Testament, our fundamental incorporation into Christ takes place through baptism. 'For', as the Apostle says, 'in one Spirit were we all baptized into one Body.'⁷ In baptism a real incorporation into Christ's Body occurs, by which we are united with Him in His death and resurrection—for what has happened to the Head, applies also to the Body and its members. 'Or are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into His death?'.⁸ But we have also been baptized into participation in His resurrection. In this connexion the Apostle employs a striking expression, saying that we have been 'planted together' (*σύμφυτοι*) with Christ. 'For if we have been planted together with Him in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection.'⁹ By our baptism we are engrafted into Christ as branches into the Vine; we are brought into a vital relationship to the Saviour, made heirs of His salvation.

That is why baptism is described as 'the washing of regeneration';¹⁰ for by it we are born into that new order of existence which God has given us through Christ. By our natural birth we belong to a race that is under the dominion of sin and death; we are members of the body corporate of sinful humanity (the 'old man'), and our whole existence is subject to its conditions ('original sin'). By our baptism we are set in an entirely new context (the 'new man'); we become members incorporate of the new humanity whose Head is Christ, and which in Him participates in the life of the New Age as heir of the promises of God.¹¹ This does not mean that any psychological or metaphysical change takes place in us by virtue of our baptism, as is shown by the fact that the same thought can be expressed in quite different terms. What happens in baptism is comparable to the passage of Noah and his family in the Ark from the old world before the Flood to the new world after it,¹² or to the crossing of the Red Sea and the deliverance of ancient Israel out of bondage in Egypt.¹³ Baptism is thus the dividing line, as it were, or the point of transition between the old order of existence and the new; and to the new order all those 'regenerated' by baptism properly belong.

At the same time, if the New Age has dawned, it has not yet been consummated—nor will it be, until Christ is manifested in glory. We therefore

⁷ 1 Corinthians 12¹³.

⁸ Romans 6³.

⁹ ibid., 6⁶.

¹⁰ Titus 3⁵.

11 cf. Galatians 3^{27ff.}

¹² 1 Peter 3^{20ff.}

¹³ 1 Corinthians 10².

who belong to it by virtue of our incorporation into Christ, have still to live in the old order of the present evil world. We have died with Christ, yet we still have to die; we have been raised with Him, yet we still have to attain to the resurrection of the dead. If we have been begotten again, it is to a living hope which will be finally fulfilled only 'in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of his glory'.¹⁴ Like ancient Israel, we Christians have been redeemed from our house of bondage, but have still to enter into our Promised Land. In other words, that which has been given to us in our baptism has still to be realized, the meaning and promise of our baptism has still to be fulfilled.

Baptism, therefore, is not merely an act of initiation. It has reference to the whole of the Christian life, which consists of an ever-renewed dying with Christ and rising with Him. Christ has died unto sin once for all,¹⁵ and so we as members of His body must also die to sin—to that 'body of sin', as St. Paul calls it,¹⁶ which is the body corporate of sinful humanity to which we belong by nature. For we have been united with Him in order that, as He was raised from the dead, so we might walk in newness of life.¹⁷ Being participant in His death and resurrection,¹⁸ we must no longer accept the standards of the old order and live by them,¹⁹ but must mortify our members that are on earth²⁰ and seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated at the right hand of God.²¹ We must remember that, just as many of His ancient people whom God delivered out of Egypt were lost in the wilderness, so it is perilously possible for members of the New Israel to come to disaster in their journey through the present world.²² In such terms as these, the Scripture again and again recalls us to our baptism, warning us not to be fashioned according to this world, but to be transformed by the renewing of our mind, exhorting us to put off the old man and put on the new.

But if baptism thus furnishes the text for warning and exhortation, it no less provides a solid ground for confidence and hope. For just as circumcision was the seal of membership in the Old Covenant that God made with ancient Israel, so baptism is the seal of the New Covenant that God has made with us. It is something not of our doing or devising, for we did not baptize ourselves, but were baptized; and it can never be taken away from us. It is therefore a perpetual assurance to us that we belong to God's people. If there are those who tell us we do not really belong to Christ's Church, because we lack some qualification necessary for admission to their denomination or society, we need not be disturbed, for our baptism refutes them. If our conscience accuses us, we need not despair, since God's Covenant sealed to us by baptism is always in force, and the very essence of it is the forgiveness of sins.²³ That is why it is described as a 'washing' and associated with justification and grace.²⁴ Hence even if we fall away and break our connexion with Christ, the Covenant still remains as a ceaseless call to us to return in penitence to the grace of baptism and the life in Christ. It is God's own Covenant, which He Himself has sealed for us; and nothing but our own rejection of it can deprive us of its blessings.

¹⁴ Matthew 19²⁸.

¹⁶ Romans 6¹⁰.

¹⁸ ibid., 6⁶.

¹⁷ ibid., 6⁴.

¹⁸ Colossians 2¹².

¹⁹ ibid., 20ff.

²⁰ ibid., 3⁵.

²¹ ibid., 31.

²² 1 Corinthians 10¹⁻¹³.

²³ Jeremiah 31³⁴; Matthew 26²⁸; Acts 2³⁸, 22¹⁶. ²⁴ Titus 3^{5ff}; Romans 6^{6ff}; cf. 1 Corinthians 6¹¹.

Baptism is described as a 'circumcision not made with hands' (*οὐχειροποιητός*) and the 'circumcision of Christ'.²⁵ The term 'not made with hands', as used elsewhere in Scripture,²⁶ signifies something of Divine, not human, origin or devising. Baptism is therefore properly understood as an act of God, an act of Christ.²⁷ That is doubtless why the New Testament displays so little interest in the precise details of the baptismal rite, or in the person who administers it. Nothing seems to be essential but the use of water and the Word.

To the profane mind, of course, baptism consists of merely human speech and actions—just as the Church consists of merely human institutions or associations of men, and even our Lord Himself is no more than a man, doubtless a most extraordinary man, but still merely a man. But the Gospel declares and faith agrees, that Christ is the fullness of the Godhead in bodily form, and that the Church is the Body of which He is the Head, who fills and governs all things. Likewise the Gospel Sacraments ordained by Christ are no merely human rituals. Just as the human lips and limbs of Jesus did not make His words and deeds any less divine, so the human administration of the Sacraments does not exclude, but manifests, the work of God. Only so can the Sacraments be what we claim them to be, 'means of grace' and media of Christ's Real Presence among men. The Presence is realized, of course, in the sense of 'made real', through the Holy Spirit; and it is realized in the sense of 'apprehended by us', through faith—though its reality is not dependent on our faith, but upon the faithfulness of God in Christ. In baptism, therefore, it is God with whom we have essentially to do, or rather, He has to do with us. For here in unfathomable grace He condescends to our weakness and sinfulness, and shows Himself Immanuel, God with us. Here God in Christ, through the Spirit, sets His seal upon us, establishes His Covenant with us, makes us members of His Church, and pledges us a share both in the fellowship of Christ's sufferings and the power of His resurrection, that so He may bring us to glory.

Christian baptism belongs to the Gospel, of which indeed it is an expression. It brings to us God's unmerited and unmeritable grace, His prevenient grace. That is why infants are brought, and rightly brought, for baptism; for God's grace is always prevenient. The New Testament, it is true, says nothing explicitly about infant baptism; but the argument from silence is notoriously precarious, and there are good reasons for not making too much of it here. If infants shared in the deliverance of ancient Israel from Egypt, would infants be excluded from the New Israel and the redemption wrought by Christ? If infants eight days old were sealed by circumcision as members of the Old Covenant, would the seal of the New Covenant be refused to any infants there might be in those households that were baptized?²⁸ Or must we suppose that greater qualifications were required for admission to the Covenant of grace than to the Covenant of law? The fact is that the Lord who meets and receives us in baptism, no more demands certain qualifications of us than He did of those concerning whom He said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me . . .'. The narrative from which these words come,²⁹ has doubtless been preserved because it served to answer the question, already raised in the

²⁵ Colossians 2:11.

²⁶ 2 Corinthians 5:1; Mark 14:58.

²⁷ cf. Ephesians 5:25ff.

²⁸ Acts 16:16, 23; 1 Corinthians 11:6

²⁹ Mark 10:13-16.

primitive Church, whether little children could receive a blessing from the Lord; and our Church does well to remind us of it in the baptismal Office. Yet even apart from such considerations as these, the baptism of infants would still be entirely legitimate and desirable.

Inasmuch as baptism is fundamentally something God does, a blessing He gives through Christ, there is no essential difference between the baptism of infants and that of adults and believers. The much-discussed question, whether infants can have faith, is really irrelevant here—though they might perhaps have as much faith as the daughter of the Syrophenician or of Jairus, or as the Centurion's servant (all of whom received a blessing from the Lord); and the Church that baptizes them generally has at least a little faith on their behalf. But what is more important is that baptism, like the Gospel it embodies, is not constituted by any man's believing, but is a work of divine grace; and this the baptism of infants makes more abundantly plain. As the New Covenant was instituted, so the seal of it is given to us, not by any willing or doing of ours, but by grace alone. The advantages and benefits of it are appropriated, it is true, only by faith, but faith is not their creator; and we are not baptized because we have already appropriated them, *but in order that we may be assured of them and encouraged to believe*. This applies no less to the baptism of older persons than of infants. They are not baptized on the ground of any qualifications they might be thought to possess; and lest we should suppose that they were, the word is spoken to them: 'Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.'³⁰

Is baptism, then, necessary to salvation? In one sense we may not say that it is, for God is presumably able to reach men with His saving grace by other means than the Gospel Sacraments—or even, perhaps, than the Gospel Word. But since it is by the Word, the preaching of salvation through Christ, that He has reached us, we are bound to attend to what He tells us in it; and the Word itself speaks of the Sacraments and bids us observe them. Now if a rich benefactor offered us a cheque for £10,000, would it not (to say the least) be extremely ungracious of us to ask whether he could not give us the amount in cash and spare us the trouble of going to the bank? Of course he could, but he would presumably have his reasons for preferring the cheque. And just so, God has doubtless His reasons for giving us the Sacraments—reasons which we may perhaps in part divine. The Sacraments stand guard against both an over-intellectualization and a false spiritualization of the Gospel. They warn us against equating saving faith either with the acceptance of abstract doctrines or with a simply subjective, psychological mood. And they constantly remind us that salvation, the gift of God, is given and received only in and through the Church, the Body of Christ. In the Sacraments, as in the Incarnation which is the theme of the Gospel, 'God comes down, He bows the sky, and shows Himself our friend'; and it is a defective faith that will not recognize and meet Him there. The rejection of the Sacraments means a failure to take quite seriously the message of salvation through the Word made flesh.

Consequently, baptism is not a merely 'symbolic' act, possibly useful but in no sense necessary to the Gospel of salvation. It is a means of the gracious, personal action of our incarnate Lord, whereby He makes us members incor-

³⁰ Matthew 18².

porate of His Church and heirs of salvation therein. Not that there is anything 'magical' in the sacramental rite. It does not automatically ensure that the baptized will enter into their inheritance; nor—we may add—does it mean that the Church is to be defined simply as the sum of all baptized persons. All too many who have crossed the Red Sea of baptism (whether in infancy or in riper years), perish in the wilderness of unbelief. Too many who—to change the figure—have been engrafted into the True Vine (by grace), never become rooted in it (by faith) and bear no fruit. Yet the fact that so many baptisms are fruitless, does not render any baptism meaningless; and it is not more of a problem than the fact that the preaching of the Gospel, which evokes faith in some, hardens others in their unbelief. Here we must ask with the Apostle: 'Shall their want of faith make of none effect the faithfulness of God?'

Naturally it is of importance that the meaning of baptism should be understood, and the Church that practises baptism has a solemn obligation to expound it. For just as preaching that neglects the Sacraments is defective, so Sacraments that are never preached are bound to be ineffectual. The blessing they convey is appropriated by faith alone, but 'faith cometh of hearing, and hearing of the Word of Christ'. Hence the Church must do all it can by preaching, teaching, and pastoral care, to lead the baptized in the right way. They are as persons who have inherited a share in a vast fortune. If they are infants, this must be administered for their benefit by parents and guardians until they come of an age to claim it for themselves. If they are already of age, they can claim it forthwith; but it can be forfeited by neglect or squandered by misuse. The baptized, therefore, must be taught the meaning of their baptism, instructed, encouraged, and exhorted on the basis of it. Because they have been baptized, it is not less but more necessary to labour for their conversion—and their continued growth in grace thereafter.

Christian baptism confers a great privilege and a great responsibility. More steadily than our own feelings or even our faith, it attests both God's unmerited love for us and His unceasing claim upon us. It engrafts us into the True Vine, not because we have borne fruit, but in order that we may; and this we can do only as we abide in the Vine, drawing life from the parent stem—and submitting to the pruning-knife of the Husbandman.³¹ In other words, baptism makes us members of the Church which is Christ's Body, not because we have already found salvation for ourselves, but in order that we may find it in Him. For Christian salvation is no private affair of the solitary soul, but a participation (by faith) in the common life that is imparted by the Holy Spirit through the Word and Sacraments in the Body of Christ. To such participation our baptism continually calls us, bidding us take our place in the fellowship of Christ's Church, to which we properly belong. For 'Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself up for it; that He might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water with the Word, that He might present the Church to Himself a glorious Church . . . that it should be holy and without blemish.'³²

PHILIP S. WATSON

³¹ John 15¹⁻⁸.

³² Ephesians 5^{26ff.}

THE CARD FROM THE FIVE TOWNS

ARNOLD BENNETT—The Five Towns: The Five Towns—Arnold Bennett; put it which way you choose, the association of ideas is instantaneous. It has become, as the psychologists say, a conditioned reflex in the minds of reading people. To have fixed that on us may not be in itself a proof of greatness, but it is something pretty remarkable. Any one of us is capable of asking at Euston Station for a ticket—a *return* ticket, emphatically—to Bursley, and we should expect to be told by the ticket inspector to change at Knype on to the Loop Line; as if we did not know! And if some dogmatic person should assert that Bursley and Knype and Hanbridge, and the other places whose names we do not so easily remember—Longshaw, isn't it?, and Turnhill—if someone should tell us that these places are not on the map of England, we should pity his ignorance. Admitting, if we must, that we have never actually set eyes on them, we can yet give the most convincing proof of their existence, for we can describe them in detail. Do we not know pretty well every shop in St. Luke's Square—Baines's the draper's, on the corner of King Street, and Critchlow's the chemist's next door, and the Hanover Spirit Vaults, and the rest? We know that Bursley and Hanbridge are connected by Trafalgar Road, which is a wide straight thoroughfare, and we are aware that the steam printing-works of Darius Clayhanger is on the corner of Trafalgar Road and Wedgwood Street, with the frontage in Wedgwood Street. We could draw from memory a rough sketch-map showing the layout of the Five Towns and the situation of important buildings, the Wesleyan Chapel on Duck Bank, the Wedgwood Institution just off St. Luke's Square, with the Free Library attached, the new Covered Market, and the Town Hall. With these and a great many other topographical details printed on our minds, we shall firmly refuse to call the Five Towns by any other names than those by which we have always known them.

And what about the inhabitants? That, naturally, is not such a simple matter. Off-hand, we are prone to think of them as a race of 'cards', with of course Edward Henry Machin (Denry for short) as the master-card. They are people who are much given to skylarking, to practical joking, and a sort of puerile exhibitionism, and unless our taste in humour remains at the schoolboy stage we are, frankly, not particularly amused. But on further reflection we remember that these crudities are, in the oddest fashion, qualified and complicated by unexpected traits. We think of Bob Brindley and Oliver ('Ol') Colclough in *The Death of Simon Fuge*; cards undoubtedly, both of them, but cards of a *de luxe* variety. When we first meet Bob he is sporting baggy knicker-bockers with leggings—imagine it!—and a cloth cap, and he has, as it were, an outsize in manners to match. But it turns out that he is also chairman of the committee of management of the Wedgwood Institution and School of Art, and we are soon made to realize that in the matter of ceramics and the fine arts he knows a thing or two, does Bob. Over supper it comes out, just in the course of conversation, that he is a book-collector with expensive tastes in limited editions; and when 'Ol' turns up a bit later he has brought with him,

if you please, the score of Strauss's *Sinfonia Domestica*, and there and then the two of them sit down together at the piano to try it out.

In all this there is, clearly, a good deal of artful yet simple-minded showing-off; and whether this is a common characteristic of the people of the Five Towns or not, it was undoubtedly an element in the make-up of their chronicler. Much of Arnold Bennett's writing seems to be done with a knowing wink to the reader, and we find it rather distasteful—or should do if it were not so disarmingly naïve. He is almost childishly happy when he is playing the guide and showing you round, and in particular he loves to take you behind the scenes. 'Come with me', he seems to say, 'and I will show you just how this thing works.' The 'thing' may be—well, pretty well anything, for there's no end to what he knows; a big department store, an hotel, the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street, with ministers in an unbuttoned mood, the set-up of a Department of State; or it may equally well be an old-fashioned drapery shop or a pottery works, a Wesleyan Sunday school or sewing-meeting, or merely the right method of washing-up dinner knives so as not to loosen the handles. Yes, he is very knowing—a regular card; and sometimes, it must be confessed, we are tempted to think that the letter 'r' could with some justice be omitted from that word. For there is no getting away from it, he is a vulgar writer, afflicted with that restless itch to prove that he is something out of the common which always conveys an impression of incurable commonness.

But human nature is never really simple. Just when you think you have got a specimen pinned down and neatly classified, he turns a look on you, a tone comes into his voice, that throws everything into confusion. I have already noted the *naïveté* which partly redeems Bennett's foible of omniscience, and with it there goes at times a touch of diffidence, a rather appealing wistfulness, that makes us think again before dismissing him simply as a bounder. This is particularly noticeable in the character of Clayhanger, which was more than any other a self-portrait; and even Lord Raingo, for all his impudent assurance and satisfaction with his own success, can never help wondering at the valuation that people seem to have set upon him. There is a good deal of autobiography in this study also; if *Clayhanger* is a 'portrait of the artist as a young man', *Lord Raingo* is Bennett the *arriviste*, gratified but secretly rather incredulous at his own prosperity and success. The shy discouraged sense of beauty that stirs in the aesthetically-starved soul of Edwin Clayhanger has, in Sam Raingo, become blown out into a relish of good living and costly furnishings and lavish entertaining, yet he also has not lost sight of the difference between quality and mere ostentation. Bennett was always rather a vulgarian, and prosperity did not improve him, but with it all the essential artist in him refused to be smothered.

It was no easy matter to disengage the artist from the coarser material in which he was embedded, both by nature and by circumstances. No one knew better than Arnold Bennett that he could never hope to succeed unless he used the chisel unsparingly and with dogged perseverance. The raw material that had been allotted to him was crass and unpromising, but he accepted it as his particular medium, the only medium that he would ever have, and he set himself with grim resolution to lick it into shape. He never pretended to be a genius and had no patience with the 'artistic temperament'. Writing

was a craft that had to be learned like any other, and he was willing to serve his apprenticeship, however long, and do journeyman-work of any sort until he knew himself able to use his tools like a master-craftsman. However it might be for other, more gifted, men, for him discipline was the ladder by which he must ascend, and he did not count on any angel of inspiration coming down to meet him half-way. Regular hours of work, methodical industry, infinite pains, a minimum daily output—that was the prescription for a man like him. Nor was the discipline that he adopted purely mental. It was thoroughly characteristic of him that when, at the age of forty, he decided that the time had come to make a bid for a place in the front rank with a serious novel on the large scale, he set to work as part of his self-preparation for the task to train himself in calligraphy. Good penmanship would act as a mechanical deterrent to careless writing; manual neatness and mental neatness would naturally go together.

By this time indeed the cult of neatness, of method, both in his private habits—he kept an account of every penny that he spent—and in the practice of his craft, had become an obsession with him, and remained so to the end. He seems to have resorted to it instinctively to set him right after a bad start in life. It was part of his effort to extricate himself from the ugliness by which he had been surrounded in his youth, and even as far as possible to remedy his personal disadvantages, the clumsy physique and blunt plebeian features that betrayed his origin. Early photographs show him to have been a loutish youth, hideously dressed, with a hanging lower lip and receding chin, a lowering discontented expression, a slovenly carriage. In later life he is seen to be meticulously tailored, his body braced in an attitude of self-confidence which is rather overdone, and that tell-tale tuft of hair pomaded and almost, but not quite, reduced to good form. In the same way, scrupulous attention to form was absolutely necessary to him as a writer. The large carelessness of the English romantic novelists was not for him; he felt that he could not afford it; he was too diffident, too self-critical. It is no accident that his reputation stands higher in France than in his own country; almost the only serious critical treatment he has received has been done by French *literateurs*. He had taught himself French in early life, and as soon as he had made enough money he went to live in Paris to acquire, as it were, a coating of French polish. With characteristic thoroughness he even provided himself with a French wife. Then he settled down in a small house at Les Sablons, near Fontainebleau, to write the major novel by which he meant to stand or fall. The model was to be the work of the French novelists, particularly Flaubert and Stendhal, in whom he had found just that combination of qualities—hard unflinching realism, psychological insight, and classical attention to form—which he felt that he also might attempt with a good prospect of success. The result was *The Old Wives' Tale*.

It is not possible within the limits of an article to attempt a critical estimate of Bennett's serious novels; to do that properly would require a book. Yet they cannot be passed over entirely; after all, Bennett was a writer, and it is as a writer, and especially as an artist, that he chiefly has a claim to attention. Unlike his principal contemporaries he had nothing very much to say. With him the novel was an end in itself, and not, as it largely was with Wells,

a medium for the propagation of ideas. He was not particularly interested in ideas, and those that he had he took care to keep out of his books; which, all things considered, was just as well. He had however a queer and unexpected propensity for preaching, possibly because he had been brought up on sermons, and he indulged it in several books of a didactic sort, addressed chiefly to young men, in which good morals were inculcated mainly as an aid to success, after the manner of Samuel Smiles. The one moral discovery that he seems ever to have made, in fact, is the consoling truth that honesty is the best policy, and one suspects that in his eyes it could have no higher recommendation. These things are best forgotten, and by this time they probably are. Bennett was not a thinker, but he had an eager curiosity and an insatiable interest in people, and it was in the novel that these qualities found their natural outlet.

It is probable that his chances of survival as a writer depend on *The Old Wives' Tale*, and on the *Clayhanger* trilogy, or at least the first part of it, with which he followed that up. To these may be added *Anna of The Five Towns*, an earlier and slighter work in which he was still finding his feet. *Anna* is the most 'sympathetic' of all Bennett's stories, and if it is only partly successful it is because he could not bring himself to give full play to his sympathies; he has treated what ought to have been a deeply moving story ironically and in cold blood. H. G. Wells described it very neatly as 'a photograph a little underdeveloped', Bennett himself as 'a sermon against parental authority'; but the truth is that it is a tragedy without any of the tragic emotions—a tragedy in which we hear as it were only the calm voice of the Chorus, commenting and explaining, never the heartcry of the protagonists themselves. It is admirably constructed, the character-drawing is firm and convincing, the incidents skilfully contrived, but Bennett did not dare to take any risks with the big emotions. *Anna* herself is too quiescent, she never comes fully alive. She has no will of her own, and allows herself to become the partner of her father's merciless avarice with hardly a struggle. At his dictation she writes the letter which seals the doom of the insolvent Sunday school superintendent, Titus Price, and then relieves her feelings by going upstairs to read her Bible and say her prayers; and when the news comes of his suicide her self-reproaches are easily lulled by a purely conventional assurance that she had only acted within her legal rights. She is sorry for Willie Price, and her pity turns to love—but not enough to save him from going his father's way to death; and she passively marries the more eligible Henry Mynors. A nice girl, but badly miscast in the role of a heroine of tragedy.

But Bennett had learned his lesson. *Anna* had showed him his limitations, and with his usual clear-sightedness he made up his mind to keep within them. He never got any of his later characters into situations which he could not handle adequately. His talent was of the classical order, and it was only through repression that it could find release. When he wanted to let himself go he indulged in extravaganzas such as *The Card* and *A Great Man*—a sort of bank-holiday lark, a literary beano in a paper cap and false nose—but these were simply the mental equivalents of a day trip from Bursley to Blackpool and had nothing to do with art. Where serious work was concerned his distrust of emotionalism, his dread of slipping into sentimentality, approached the

morbid. He made it his boast that 'I never bowed in the house of Rimmon of sentimentality'. When Edwin Clayhanger wrote to Big James, the foreman of the printing-works, to inform him of the death of Darius, he began his letter with the words: 'Dear James, my father passed peacefully away at . . .'. 'Then,' (Bennett goes on), 'with an abrupt movement he tore the sheet in two and threw it into the fire, and began again. "Dear James, my father died quietly at eight o'clock tonight." ' Clayhanger's Aunt Hamps had in her bedroom a card with the motto LEAN HARD, and Bennett makes the savage comment that 'her religion was an almost physical leaning upon Christ'. His aversion from this sort of pietism partly explains his rancour against the Wesleyanism of his early days, but that is a question to which I must return later.

The Old Wives' Tale, as we have seen, was written in France, and he was still living there while working on *Clayhanger*. It may well be that he found this to be an advantage in his work; he was standing away from the picture, and that helped him to preserve the spirit of detachment, the strict objectivity, with which he meant to treat it. It was only at a considerable distance that he could contemplate the Five Towns without emotional disturbance.

In these two books he set himself to achieve on a large canvas the effects which he had attempted and just failed to bring off in *Anna*. The background was again to be the scenes of his own youth, the world that he knew best; the springs of action were to be the affinities and aversions which he himself had experienced in that environment; the characters were to belong to the social class from which he had sprung, the dim inarticulate class who live mostly on the instinctive level, unliberated by general ideas, clinging to their place in the scheme of things as they knew it, or else breaking away from it in a violent and irrational revulsion of feeling; their vocations, ambitions, personal entanglements, and mutual reactions were to furnish the incidents out of which the picture was to be composed. It was his supreme merit, as it was that of Dickens, that men and women, by the mere fact of their existence and whatever the setting of their lives, always set him agog with excitement; each one was a miracle and a revelation. He saw them individually, every man in his idiosyncrasy; but he had also a special sense of the *family*, of the common stuff of life that enters into the make-up of all individuals belonging to the same stock. Superficially, no two persons could be more different than Catherine and Sophia Baines, the two sisters of *The Old Wives' Tale*; the one prosaic and utterly commonplace, living contentedly in her dismal world of retail trade; the other aristocratic in every instinct, seizing the first desperate opportunity to break out of the provincial respectabilities that suffocate her soul, rushing eagerly to the liberating life of London, of Paris, where she would be able to breathe at last. Yet they are veritable sisters; both of them, beneath the surface, are women of character, both have the essential toughness of their Nonconformist breeding; and that they should come together under the old roof in the end, after thirty years of separation and silence, is something more than a device which gives formal symmetry to the shape of the tale; it is also psychologically right, for it represents the attraction of a spiritual kinship that could not be resisted. Their profound affinity of character is also brought out in another way. When Sophia is abandoned in Paris by

her worthless husband, she saves herself by falling back on just those commonplace Bursley virtues she had once despised, on her latent but inbred capacity for thrift and industry and shrewdness in business. But on the other side of the picture the unadventurous Catherine rises in the end to heroic heights, when she drags herself with the last of her strength to the polling-station to cast her vote in a last magnificent effort to save the old order from the encroachments of progress, and so, in her own grotesque fashion, dies the death of a martyr. It is an exquisite balancing of moral forces, with all the discords resolved in a final harmony.

In *Clayhanger* Bennett again takes up the theme of family, and this time he applies a closer, more intensive treatment. In this story there is no separation, no flying asunder of disparate elements. The diverse members of the group remain together as a family unit and the resulting frictions find no relief or respite. With a sure psychological perception he makes us see how the bond remains unbroken in spite of all the stresses to which it is subjected. Passionate resentment, violent hostility, cold contempt, indifference, all come into play, yet somehow the family hangs together, for deeper than any of these things is the abiding, unacknowledged force of affection and esteem. A French critic, M. Georges Lafourcade, has argued that Bennett owed his understanding of these emotional contradictions to Stendhal, and quotes in evidence an entry in Bennett's journal for March 1910 which records that he was re-reading *De l'Amour* in order to 'get ideas for the Clayhanger story'. It may be so, of course; the game of spotting 'influences' seems to be half the fun of literary criticism, but usually there is no conclusive proof either way. Bennett knew at first hand what family life is, and he was abnormally sensitive to personal reactions. Moreover he had experienced them in the raw, for in the Five Towns, as elsewhere, their asperities were not as a rule mitigated by good manners, which would indeed have been considered embarrassingly out of place in the sort of family circles to which most of his characters belonged. Bennett's own father was a lawyer and is described as 'a man of ability with a taste for books'; but he was of lower-middle-class origin, and his domestic behaviour had not been much affected by his rise into a politer class. In his dealings with his family he was overbearing and peremptory and Bennett deeply resented his treatment of them. Yet he also acknowledged that he 'owed a good deal to his father'. If Bennett needed a model to sit for the portrait of Darius Clayhanger he did not have far to seek, and it is much more likely that he drew from the life than that he copied the pictures of other men.

The two other books of the Clayhanger saga—or three, if *The Roll Call*, now practically forgotten, were included—I have space to do little more than mention. *Hilda Lessways* is I believe unique. As far as I am aware no other novelist has attempted to tell the same story from different points of view. Browning of course did it in poetry, but to do it in cold blood, with all the hard particularity of Bennett's method, was to take a tremendous risk. The same incidents had to be described with strict fidelity to fact, and yet there must be no sense of repetition. The woman's point of view must be so convincingly differentiated from that of the man as to give the effect of novelty, to make the story an entirely new experience for the reader, in spite of the

fact that he knows it already. Bennett brought it off with astonishing success, and it is the supreme proof of his power to individualize every character that he portrayed. He maintained that the masculine and the feminine vision of things are not only different—which is obvious enough—but as different as though they did not belong to the same species. He does not say how, on that assumption, he accounted for his own quite uncanny insight into the feminine consciousness. *These Twain* carries the history of Edwin and Hilda forward into married life. His intention was, according to an entry in his journal, 'to write more directly autobiographical work', and his own experiences furnished him with material enough, for his marriage had not turned out well and was already beginning to break up. There is nothing catastrophic in the relations of Edwin and Hilda; with his usual restraint he avoids drama, preferring to exhibit the clash of temperaments in the small significant incidents which make up the everyday life of any married pair. Hilda is indefinably finer in grain than Edwin, though he has taste where she has none. He is irritated by her indifference to dress, her unpunctuality, her lack of aesthetic appreciation; she is grated by the touch of a certain coarseness of breed which she encounters in him, in spite of his fastidious tastes. Yet for all that it is a war between lovers, and each is the dear enemy of the other. 'The heat of their kisses had not cooled; but to him at any rate the kisses often seemed intensely illogical; for . . . he had not yet begun to perceive that those kisses were the only true logic of their joint career.'

It is in relation to the *Clayhanger* series that Bennett's attitude to religion may most fittingly be considered. As everyone knows he had been brought up as a Wesleyan Methodist, and as everyone also knows he became strongly hostile to Methodism and the Methodists. In his usual fashion he likes to show off his inside knowledge of its working arrangements, with its itinerant ministry, its circuit ministers and local preachers, its stewards, trustees, and other lay officials; and he takes care to spell the word 'Connexion' correctly. His picture of the sewing-meeting at the home of Mrs. Sutton, the wife of the wealthy Methodist alderman, is done to the life. Nonconformist ministers are well aware that they are regarded as fair game for the satirical novelists, and console themselves, it may be hoped, with the reflection that if they are not always, like Falstaff, witty in themselves, they are sometimes a cause that wit is in other men. For my own part I am willing to turn the other cheek by offering the suggestion that the satire is most effective when it is done, as Bennett did it, without undue exaggeration. It has, I think, been good for my soul, and I hope it has done something to set a check on professional tricks and mannerisms, to have in my memory the picture of Mr. Banks, the superintendent minister, making his exit from the sewing-meeting. 'Shall you not be home early, Rex?', his wife inquires. 'My love,' he replies, with the stern fixity of an histrionic martyr, 'did you ever know me to have a free evening?'

Bennett was not altogether devoid of religious feeling. In his description of the revival service in *Anna* he seems to have made a commendable effort to resist the temptation to caricature, and his account of the mixed feelings it stirs in Anna is done with genuine understanding. It is true that, at the Sunday School Centenary Demonstration in St. Luke's Square, with its display of banners inscribed with phrases like 'The Blood of the Lamb', and

the singing of such hymns as 'There is a fountain filled with blood', Clayhanger is filled with aversion. 'He suddenly turned to Hilda and, in an intimate half-whisper murmured—"More blood!"' But when presently the vast crowd of people lift up their voices in the verse:

*When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride,*

Hilda in her turn exclaims: 'That's the most splendid religious verse ever written! You can say what you like. It's worth while believing anything, if you can sing words like that and mean them.'

He called himself a rationalist, but he had no interest in philosophy, and as far as the arguments for and against religion are concerned he was, to speak bluntly, not entitled to an opinion either way. His objections to Methodism—for that is what it amounted to—were purely personal. Two points call for mention.

We have already seen how strong was his habit of repression, how averse he was to displays of feeling; and if it made him, as it did, distrustful even of normal emotions, it meant that he was especially repelled by anything that struck him as overwrought, and above all by any attempt to stimulate and deliberately induce religious feeling. It is probable that even if he had been a religious man he would never have felt at home in Methodism, where it has always been recognized that feeling must play an important part in religion, and that decisive moral changes do not, as a rule, take place without some kind of emotional discharge. But this conviction, however well founded, is not without its dangers. There is always a temptation to force the note. There are well-meaning people who, in an excess of zeal, do not scruple to crash through the reticencies of minds more delicate than their own. Methodism naturally does not always escape these dangers; and I think it is true to say that Bennett's own awareness of them was fairly widespread among the Wesleyan Methodists of that period. It gave rise to a sentiment in favour of 'reverence' in worship, and reverence was vaguely understood to be incompatible with strong feeling. It may also be—since human motives are always a good deal mixed—that their anxiety to avoid extravagance in public worship was not untouched by snobbery; they wished to make it clear that they dissociated themselves from the 'ranters'. On the whole this tendency has prevailed; but sometimes one is inclined to wonder if Methodism, in its dread of running before the winds of emotion, has not allowed itself to get becalmed in a backwater of decorum.

Bennett's revolt against the religion of his youth had however a more definite origin than emotional impotence. Its roots went back to an incident of his boyhood which, remembered and still rankling after many years, he used as an episode in *Clayhanger*. It will be remembered that a zealous young minister of the Wesleyan circuit, 'to whom heaven had denied both a sense of humour and a sense of honour', outraged the feelings of Edwin Clayhanger by going behind his back to his father and inducing him to compel the boy to attend

a Bible Class which the misguided man had started on Saturday afternoons—Saturday afternoon, the time of emancipation, when, if ever in his life, a boy could claim freedom from parental control. A French writer,¹ with typical French thoroughness in literary research, has gone to the trouble of hunting down the identity of this flagrant weekday-breaker, so to speak, but I forbear to disclose the guilty name. What maddened Bennett even more than the conduct of the minister however was the exercise of brute authority on the part of his father; and this was all the more outrageous because, though he was supposed to be a man of standing among the Wesleyans, he was extremely casual in the performance of his own religious duties, and often spent his Sundays reading magazines in bed, while insisting that his children should go to chapel and Sunday school three times without fail. For all Bennett could see he had no personal religion whatever; certainly it was not allowed to interfere with his pronounced appetite for money-making. And this, he noticed, was not uncommon among leading Wesleyans in the Five Towns. There was some justice in the accusation of hypocrisy which he brought against them and in his condemnation of Wesleyanism as 'a materialistic religion'.

It is of course tempting to say that these charges do not come particularly well from a man like Bennett, whose own money-sense was strongly developed and who, hard worker though he was, was self-indulgent and a sensualist. But the *tu quoque* retort is cheap, and it is not an argument. What is more to the point is, that the pillars of Victorian Nonconformity were products of their own age; for the most part they were men who took the current commercial doctrines for granted and knew nothing of our modern misgivings. In that world of free enterprise it was a laudable thing to try to raise oneself, and prosperity was easily taken as a proof of character and ability. The trouble was that prosperity too often undermined the very virtues by which it had been achieved. Everything, it is said, carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. John Wesley complained that because the Methodists were sober and industrious they prospered; and because they prospered they often ceased to be good Methodists. Without knowing it, Arnold Bennett bears his testimony to the truth of Wesley's words; it is one of the few things they had in common.

W. S. HANDLEY JONES

¹ Margaret Locherbic-Goff, *La jeunesse d'Arnold Bennett*.

THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIAN TERMINOLOGY

THE DISCUSSION of new techniques of evangelism raises the whole problem of Christian terminology. Not only methods of evangelism, but the language in which the Gospel is proclaimed must be reconsidered in every age. Many factors in the life of today make such a reconsideration important. Some of these are the general decline in Bible reading,¹ even in Nonconformist churches, where one lesson is often judged sufficient, with, on the other hand, the place now given the Bible in religious instruction in schools; the influence of cinemas and wireless on our thought and language; the development of language during the war in words and phrases that are still called 'slang'; the interchange of British and American 'slang'; and the preoccupation of the mind of our time with things scientific, mechanical, and automatic. When the Living God speaks, in what language will His word be clothed?

It was Carlyle who referred to the old Jewish rags in which his generation clothed their thoughts. In *The Transforming Friendship* in 1928 Leslie Weatherhead took up this idea that our faith had come down to us clothed in the rags of Hebrew thought-forms, and suggested that the sooner it had a new suit of clothes the better for all of us. About the same time Professor Davey, of Assembly's College, Belfast, also going to the tailor for his illustration, brought down a storm on his head by his book, *The Changing Vesture of the Faith*, in which he attempted to supply a new suit of clothes. The reply that his book called out was in effect a defence of the verbal inspiration of the Bible and had the title, *Faith in an Unchanging Vesture*.

Or, changing the figure, it can be said that in the Bible and the Creeds the Church has inherited a legacy of certain doctrinal terms, which, however accurate and useful in their own day, do not mean to people today what they meant to those who used them in a different age and environment. The continued use of these terms therefore elicits no response from men and women today. The Church has become a coterie of those who accept and use a language, and move in a world of ideas, that have no connexion with the language and ideas of the twentieth century.

These terms are, for example, the Word of God, sin, the Kingdom of God, redemption, justification, righteousness, sanctification, grace, holiness, and judgement. Almost any passage from the Epistles bristles with them: 'the redemption that is in Christ Jesus'; 'set forth to be a propitiation'; 'the justifier of him that hath faith in Jesus'; 'the saints in light'; 'translated into the kingdom of the son of his love'; 'the first-born of all creation'; 'thrones or dominions or principalities or powers', etc.

Are these expressions, it may be asked, central or peripheral, temporary or permanent, essential or merely environmental? Or summing it all up in two questions: What is the 'faith' that has to be expressed? How are we to express that 'faith' in terms that will be understood today? Thought and language

¹ Evidence on this point is strong, though in modern novelists as different as Eric Linklater, Dornford Yates, and P. G. Wodehouse one is constantly coming across Biblical phrases, quotations, and indirect references. Inside the last twenty to twenty-five years selections from the Bible have been included in literature text-books for secondary schools.

being to a large extent one, the problem of Christian terminology seems to resolve itself into one of language. It is not, however, as simple as that.

I

We believe that the Church exists to proclaim a Divine Word. The Word was spoken. Our faith is a revelation. Phillips Brook's definition of preaching ('Truth through Personality') stresses that what we preach, no matter who preaches it, must be the Truth of God. That revelation was given under the conditions of time and space—to certain men and women living in one particular country with their own ways of life and thought and expression. They were what the anthropologist today would call a 'primitive' people, living a pastoral and agricultural life, their family life based on the extended family and not the biological family of father, mother, and children; their religious conceptions were narrow and tribal; in their worship sacrifice held a prominent place; and they looked forward to a Day of the Lord, a great and terrible Day, when judgement and justice would be dispensed by Yahweh.

The record of the revelation of God has come to us as the Bible; and to most people today that means the Authorized Version. However excellent the Authorized Version is as Literature, it is after all the English of the seventeenth century that it speaks, and preachers should wonder more often than they do how much of, say, the prophets or the Pauline epistles a congregation can understand, hearing sections (like, Melchizedek, without father and mother) read out by an indifferent reader as a 'lesson' in church. The Divine Word is heard, dulled by the language of the age of Shakespeare and by the religious conceptions of the ancient Israelites. The father of the poet Coleridge, when a vicar in a Devon village, used to diversify his sermons with Hebrew quotations, referring to it as 'the immediate language of the Holy Ghost'; his successor, though a learned man, found his congregation dissatisfied with him because he never showed in the pulpit any knowledge of 'the immediate language of the Holy Ghost'. Are we any better today with Elizabethan English?

More and more, ministers today are reading, or at least quoting from, a modern translation, but none of the Churches has accepted the principle that the Bible should be read in a language that the people understand. And in this connexion it is worth noting that during the war the only New Testament that a British chaplain had for issue was the Authorized Version. The Americans were more fortunate: they had the New Testament in Goodspeed's translation, the American equivalent of 'Moffatt'.

But it is not only the language of another age that mystifies; when we get to the root of the problem we find that it is a question of ideas, conceptions, assumptions, ritual, ways of thought, all of which are not 'familiar matter of today', but to many seem 'old, unhappy, far-off things'. We live in a different world from those to whom the revelation came. How then can that revelation have any meaning for us?²²

II

The problem can be seen in another light by considering something that is going on all over the world at the present time: the translation of the Bible

²² cf. M. Kiddle, 'Revelation' (*Moffatt Commentary*), pp. 67ff.

into the languages of people to whom the Gospel has recently come. Usually in missionary work, the first book to be given to any people is St. Mark's Gospel, followed by certain psalms; then the other Gospels, Acts, the Pentateuch, the Epistles, and the prophets, though often none of the Old Testament is translated until the bulk of the New has been completed. All the difficulties and delights of Bible translation are dealt with in an illuminating study by Edwin Smith, *The Shrine of a People's Soul*.

For the Bible translator there are two ways of dealing with the problem of terminology: (1) He may try to find an equivalent or near-equivalent term. (2) Failing this, he may have to invent or import a term which Christian living, teaching, and experience must fill with meaning. He is faced with the difficulty of not only trying to convey the logical meaning of words, but their emotional force and content—'the overtones in which reside the enduring loveliness of many a line of poetry and of many a passage in the higher prose'.³ An eminent Tamil scholar told Dr. Smith that for forty years he had sought in vain for an equivalent of the Greek word *elpis*, which we render 'hope'.

To be at once faithful and intelligible and winsome may call for departure from the idiom of the original. . . . The Urdu translators were not lacking in fidelity when they wrote that Samson 'made sliced mangoes' of his enemies instead of smiting them hip and thigh; nor was the translator other than happily inspired who rendered St. Paul's words to Timothy: 'No soldier should carry a market basket'. . . . The elephant may substitute for the camel going through the eye of a needle; a hyena may take the place of a wolf; just as in English a rabbit ('coney') may take the place of a hyrax. Biblical gold, it has been said, 'must be changed into the currency of the country without suffering too great a loss in the exchange'.⁴

It is when we come to terms like 'sacrifice', 'redemption', 'sin', 'grace', that the real difficulty is faced; for even if some kind of an equivalent can be found, there is still to be considered its meaning in its original context, all the associations that have gathered round the word, and which really make it what it is. Can a non-Christian term be lifted out of a heathen context and be given a Christian meaning? How far indeed are non-Christian conceptions adequate to enshrine Christian truth?

There is a sharp division of missionary thought here. On the one side is the position taken by Dr. Kraemer in his *Christian Message in a Non-Christian World*, who holds that over against the great non-Christian religious systems of thought and life stands the world of 'Biblical realism', and there is no link between the two. On the other a position exemplified in E. W. Thompson's book, *The Word of the Cross to Hindus*, where he takes several of the religious conceptions of Hinduism and shows how they are a preparation for the fulfilment which is Christ. If Christianity is so much 'wholly other' then translation that uses non-Christian concepts must mean little or nothing; men and women must be prepared to step into the world of 'Biblical realism' and learn its terms because in them God speaks. Yet we cannot believe that God, though He is revealed in history, is *confined within* history, or a particular historical situation.

³ E. W. Smith, 'A School for Translators': article in *International Review of Missions*, July 1945, which summarizes the difficulties of the work and suggests how many of them are surmounted.

⁴ *ibid.*

III

When we compare the problem at home with that of the missionary there is an essential difference. While the Bible finds innumerable points of contact with the life and thought of 'primitive' peoples, there seems to be a decided gap between the world of the Bible and our day. Primitive society and belief the world over resemble the structure of early Hebrew society and belief, and more especially that of the Roman and Greek world in which the Gospel was first preached. It is primarily to the Old Testament that the African clergy go for their texts⁶; here is a world in which they feel at home; the God revealed there has something to say to them and their people. In the New Testament we have the world of many gods, of demon possession, of malignant spirits, of 'thrones and principalities and powers', and it is still possible to apply directly the ideas and message of the New Testament in the terms of the New Testament. The background is similar; or, one might say, the starting point is the same.

In our civilization we have to a large extent left behind that world of thought; our conception of the universe is different; yet having left it behind, we still retain the terms which to a large extent can only find their meaning against that background. For example, the gods of the ancient world are only the stuff of mythology for us; while we know the meaning of panic the great god Pan does not lurk in our woodlands. Astrology today has its following, but it is more an escape from reality than an attempt to face it. The sharp difference is seen very clearly in the poet Milton. In his 'Lycidas' he uses all the machinery of the ancient pastoral, and tries to people the woods and glens of *England* with the nymphs and shepherds, gods and goddesses of the ancients. Yet even he must confess, and in the very body of the poem too, that they are not at home there. His thought bursts the bounds he has set, and, however beautiful and haunting the poem is, it is only in his two great outbursts against the futility of a life of ambitious time-serving and the false clergy of his day, that the poem touches reality. Again, in 'Paradise Lost', he sets out to 'justify the ways of God to man', using the conception of the Biblical 'closed' universe and the divine 'plan of salvation'. His own generation may have found it adequate, but it is a commonplace of criticism that Milton fails in his avowed aim while at the same time presenting with great force and dramatic effectiveness a Satan who compels our interest and attention even though we may not believe in him, more than the God whose ways he seeks to justify. Shakespeare, who had no such interest, comes nearer to the realities of God's dealings with man in his greater plays, for, however much the settings of his plays alter, he is dealing all the time with men and women in a very real world. Milton is remote in time and thought: Shakespeare, remote in time, in thought comes close to us today.

IV

In any attempt we make to bring historic Christian terms within the compass of the modern mind, it is a help to divide them into two categories: terms of fact and terms of experience. In the first category we may put such terms as God, the Son of God, the Lord Christ, Incarnation, Resurrection, and the

⁶ cf. Godfrey Philips: *The Old Testament in the World Church*.

Spirit; in the second, such terms as Adoption, Reconciliation, Justification. The first category gives us the very postulates of our faith; the second those terms used to describe the religious experience of men and women in New Testament times, and still commonly used of Christian experience.

(1) Can we do anything with these terms of fact?

God. Here the problem seems to be how to give the full Christian meaning to the word. To many the word 'God' is only a convenient oath, without even the significance of an oath: merely an expletive. To others, it signifies the motive Force of the universe; or the Absolute of the philosophers; or the Eternal Mind; or the Great Mathematician. To the Christian it means the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and only when the word conveys that meaning have those who use it moved into the sphere of Christian thought and experience.

We have to a large extent replaced in our thought the idea of the Kingdom of God with that of the Family of God. Yet it might be said that the term 'Father' is in its own way as much a thought-form as 'King'. But the conception of the Kingdom of God belongs to the thought-world of apocalyptic, which is strange to us. C. H. Dodd has reinterpreted that thought-world for modern man in his conception of 'realized eschatology'. What is important is the character of God, by whatever ideas it is presented to our understanding. To quote Kiddle:

It becomes increasingly obvious, as we read *Revelation*, that the temple in heaven and all its furniture are neither more nor less than ideas. Their disclosure represents (in our terms) the disclosure of the very being of God, His inviolable holiness, the truth of His laws, His will to vindicate the righteous and punish the wicked.*

The revelation of God is vindicated by experience. We have not to deal with Him as a figure of the literary imagination; He is not shut within the covers of the Bible nor contained in one environment more than another. He is the Living God, who is seen in whatever particular burning bush we may pass in the course of our daily work, who is near us, even in our hearts.

The Lord Jesus Christ. It must be recognized that the terms *Lord* and *Christ* have lost for today their original significance. 'Christ' is for all practical purposes a name like Jesus. It certainly does not carry to the modern mind the significance in the word 'Messiah'—chosen, set apart, the Coming One, etc. It stands for the person, not the office. The word 'Lord' has also fallen from its high estate, and means merely a secular dignity; that is, inside the Christian revelation it has a meaning totally different from its everyday usage. Is there anything in these terms that ought to be retained?

There is little doubt that they have served their purpose in the past, and that Jesus does not take significance from the terms, but by what He is and does has filled them with meaning. To convey the meaning of Jesus for man is the important thing. If modern terms like Hero, Leader, Captain, Guide convey even a little of what Jesus is, let us use them, though it must be confessed that these terms, however true, do not say to us what 'Lord' and 'Christ'

* M. Kiddle, op. cit., p. 72.

said to Paul. Perhaps the only way to convey to people today this essential meaning is to say that Jesus is God, or (to avoid heresy) has the value of God. The fact we cannot let go.⁷

Incarnation and *Resurrection* are words describing particular facts. It is part of the faith handed on to us, and our faith has no meaning if these are not facts. People have no difficulty over the terms as terms; it is the facts that cause the difficulty, and there is no way of making them simpler.

The Holy Spirit. With this conception we reach the ultimate mystery of the Christian faith. The doctrine grew out of history and experience. It is a Jewish conception of the nature of God and of his relation to man, but generations of theologians have not been able to find any other term that covers the facts of Christian history and experience. Preaching from 1 John 57 in his sermon on 'The Trinity'⁸ John Wesley says:

I know not that any well-judging man would attempt to explain them at all. One of the best tracts which that great man, Dean Swift, ever wrote, was his Sermon upon the Trinity. Herein he shows, that all who have endeavoured to explain it at all, have utterly lost their way . . . I insist upon no explication [*sic*] at all; no, not even on the best I ever saw; I mean, that which is given us in the creed commonly ascribed to Athanasius . . . I dare not insist upon any one's using the word Trinity, or Person. I use them myself without any scruple, because I know of none better. . . . I would insist only on the direct words, unexplained, just as they lie in the text.

Quite apart from the fact that the words may not be found in the text, Wesley's attitude is important for our subject. He insists on our faith being something given, a revelation of which the Bible is the record. That revelation must ultimately be accepted in faith and verified in experience: the intellectual approach is not the way of salvation. Explanation and understanding of the doctrines of our faith have their place; if better terms than the ones commonly used can be found, by all means let them be used. Some facts cannot be explained; in contemplating the mystery of God the mind of man reaches a limit beyond which its power fails.

It may well be that we shall not have an adequate statement of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit until an African writes it; because his categories of thought would enable him to interpret the New Testament world. Such a statement might not, however, be any more enlightening to us than the Athanasian Creed; yet in atomic physics we today have an approach to the universe that should at any rate make the Christian doctrine of the Spirit seem anything but absurd.

(2) The second category of terms we have called terms of experience.

Through contact with Christ and in the fellowship of the Church, men found things happening to them. We today might say that they had found a new meaning in life or that they had moved into another world. In an attempt to

⁷ Writers like Studdert-Kennedy, Leslie Weatherhead, and C. S. Lewis have done valuable service in expounding by argument, illustration, and analogy the relation of Christ and God. No restatement, however, is complete for any man until he takes the step of proving the meaning in his own life.

⁸ 'There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One', are the words Wesley used as his text. The reading is not generally accepted.

express this experience, they took what are, in effect, illustrations of this experience from their own environment, using the thought-forms of the day to tell others what had happened to them.

One classic example is the Epistle to the Romans. The Jew lived under the shadow of the Law: this conception implies a Divine Judge, and in Romans we have the whole situation worked out in detail in relation to the new revelation in Christ. We have the complete paraphernalia of retributive justice: the day of judgement; the wrath of God; condemnation; justification—and Paul's whole argument seems to be that those who expect a judge will, if only they accept the truth in Christ, find a Father; and to make this point clearer, he introduces the then familiar idea of adoption.

In Ephesians we seem to have a long string of illustrative metaphors: *adoption* as sons; *redemption*; *sealed* with the Holy Spirit; *walking* in trespasses and sins; *dead through our trespasses*; *quickened*; *made to sit in heavenly places*; *being the workmanship of God*; *no longer strangers and sojourners but fellow-citizens* with the saints; *stones* in the building of which Jesus is the chief corner-stone, etc. These metaphors—illustrations of the Christian experience—take their power and meaning from the circumstances of their day, and may or may not have a real meaning for us. But the Gospel does not lie in them; they only illustrate the Gospel. If we can find modern illustrations to make real the Christian experience there is no reason why we should hold on to these, provided that the terms we use to express the Christian experience are the result of real thought and feeling. The New Testament metaphors are not merely decorative padding. Into their creation went a real experience; because they reflect keen thought and deep feeling they have lived; but 'sealing', 'redemption', 'sitting in heavenly places' (to take but three), carry for us only a faint significance or perhaps none at all. They are not immediate in our experience.

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What then should be our approach today? A few suggestions may be offered.

(1) Because of the place of the Bible in our faith, it is essential that everything possible should be done to present it in a language understood by people today. This must be done in the churches. Granted that the Authorized Version has incomparable value as a monument of English prose, granted that the Revised Version or Moffatt or the other modern translations can be criticized on various pedantic grounds, is the situation not too serious to waste time in quibbling? The dust-cover 'blurb' of *The New Testament in Basic English* points out that 'many people who have known the Authorized Version from childhood have already discovered, greatly to their surprise and their satisfaction, that to read the new translation is like reading the Bible for the first time'. The same applies to any modern translation; and while no one would recommend the constant use of the Basic translation (and certainly not in the pulpit), is it not time that official Church bodies recommended whatever in their judgement is the best modern translation, authorizing it to be used in churches?

(2) This is only preparatory. Above everything else it is essential to remember that we are concerned with men and women in relation to God. It is a question of religion: God speaking here and now. The experience of the past

that is conserved in theological terms will be repeated today in men and women's lives: they may express it differently, and they may not be helped by the expression of centuries ago. The problem of man is still real and urgent; so is the love of God. Will not a living contact of God and man express itself in living words? Theological formulas or 'plans of salvation' based on an outmoded cosmogony and failing to take into account the best thought of our day will not commend the Gospel to the modern mind.

(3) In what language should the faith be expressed today—that of the textbooks or the street? Unfortunately the choice is not as clear-cut as that. It is true that many preachers often use a vocabulary, a turn of sentence, or illustrations that suggest they are out of touch with the affairs of every day. This may be due to careless or lazy thinking. But on the other hand we cannot cut out of our vocabulary all four-syllabled words and think this sufficient. Certain things cannot be said in one-syllabled words, and they are often important things. Quiller-Couch in his *Art of Writing* points out that it was only after the English language was enriched by borrowings from Latin and Greek that the real glory of English literature was possible. Anglo-Saxon was not capable of expressing the real depth and complexity of human thought and experience. If a preacher's vocabulary is selected because there is no other possible way of saying what he has to say, then he will be listened to; but if there is a simpler way he should find it.

In this connexion another reference to Quiller-Couch is not out of place. He lays down four standards for good prose. It should be Accurate, Appropriate, Perspicuous, and Persuasive. We cannot have better standards for the language of our sermons. Our language should be *accurate*: does not this require the deepest possible knowledge of our Gospel and of those to whom we preach? It should be *appropriate*: here is a guide for those who think the word of God is commended if clothed in the latest slang. It should be *perspicuous*: no one should be able to complain that our words left them in a fog. And above everything else it should be *persuasive*: our aim is to win men and women for God.

(4) One of the most appropriate metaphors used for Christ is 'the Word of God'. Translated into any language, that has significance. Christ is the Word of God. That is the Word we want men to hear and to heed; and all our words must finally be judged by their success or failure in communicating that Word.

HARRY BELSHAW

AUTHORITY AND FREEDOM IN EAST AND WEST

THE power-conflicts between the two major European groups have been complicated in various ways by the clash of ideas which accompanies them. Sometimes, as when during the war the Comintern was disbanded, it has been thought advisable to suspend the ideological struggle in the interests of some definite political objective. Sometimes, as when the Comintern was revived the other day in a new form, Russian national ambitions have thrust the ideological differences into the foreground, as one more *point d'appui* in the diplomatic campaign against a rival. The situation is curiously similar to that which obtained after the Reformation, when several States had two aims, one national designed for their own aggrandisement, and one international, in the service of Catholicism or Protestantism. A Richelieu had to decide whether, for example, to support the Protestant princes of Germany and curb the Emperor while encouraging heresy, or to champion Catholicism and raise up for France a dangerous enemy. Inevitably, in such cases, policy is vacillating and the outsider cannot guess in advance what decisions will be arrived at.

In what follows, my sole concern will be with the conflict of ideas. An attempt will be made to show how East and West are opposed on the fundamental questions of the nature of authority and freedom, and of the relation between these two. It may then be possible to see how far the conflict admits of being resolved by an effort after mutual understanding.

It will give form to the discussion if we present it as arising out of three questions. The first is: *What is the source of authority?*

To this some would answer that authority is from above. It is so unmistakably in the family. We do not choose our parents; we do not hold a quinquennial inquiry into the manner in which they have discharged their duties and decide, in the light of this, whether we shall continue to accept them or shall engage others. In an army there is a graded hierarchy of command, under which the instructions issued by the General Officer Commanding come down at last to the private soldier as something on which he is to act. In the monarchies of the ancient world other than Israel the ruler was accepted as divine or semi-divine and his will was law. In primitive communities, a certain way of life is handed on from generation to generation, so that what has the sanction of custom is accepted without question by the individual.

This patriarchal conception of society is the one which commands itself still to the Russian mind as the right and natural one. The Tsar was revered as the 'little Father' of his people; it was assumed that misgovernment was the work of subordinates and that, did he but know the facts, the Tsar would bring them to book. Stalin has stepped into this position. The Russian takes it for granted that the nation should conform to the pattern of the family, with one wise person at the head who will care for those under him. There has always been that in the Russian which enabled him, even in the old days, to break through class distinctions and deal with his fellows as men and women

like himself. One recalls in that connexion how in the Russian novel the servant will address her master and mistress by their Christian names, as Andrew son of Nicholas and so on. In his refusal to dispose of persons by classifying them, in his will to penetrate the soul of the harlot and the murderer to find what is of human worth in them, Dostoevski is no exception. He is the typical Russian in this as in so many other respects.

This patriarchal conception of society swayed the mind of Europe through the Middle Ages, when the only question in dispute was that of the relation between the two powers, Pope and Emperor, whom God had set to rule in Christendom. The 'divine right of kings' was the assertion in a divided Europe of something which was accepted without question while it was still united. Political champions of monarchy made great play with the analogy of the family; both were illustrations of the principle that authority is from above and does not wait upon our consent. It is highly significant that John Locke, who provided the revolution of 1688 with its theoretical justification, threw his argument into the form of a reply to Filmer, who had argued for a patriarchal society with the father, ever since the days of Adam, entrusted by God with unlimited powers.

Constitutional monarchy, it was clear, presupposed that authority is from below. Its basis must be some form of contract with the subjects, under which they bring into existence an authority to which they submit for the time being, in certain specified respects, and for certain avowed or unavowed ends. It follows that those who create that authority have also a power over it which they do not surrender; should it transgress the limits they have assigned to it or prove unserviceable for the ends they have in view, they can unmake it. There are, to be sure, forms of the social contract theory which suppose the individuals who combine to bring into existence either a society or a state to resign all their powers to it. But this is to break with democracy, even when the exponent of such a view is Rousseau himself.

The political thinking of the West inclines to some form of the social contract theory, as that of the East accepts the family as the natural paradigm for the great society. Government in the West is regarded as a device adopted for certain ends and as justifying itself solely by its usefulness. In other words, it is mechanical and not organic. True, in our own country, this contractual conception is modified by a number of features which preserve for us something of the humanity of the earlier view. Our Christian tradition, our local attachments, and the prestige which attaches to the royal family, combine to retain among us something which binds man to man by ties other than those of self-interest.

The roots of the social contract theory are numerous. It belongs to a stage of economic development in which contract rather than status determines a man's functions. The craftsman working with his own tools is replaced by the skilled or unskilled artisan who signs on for a particular job with the remuneration he will receive fixed beforehand; the merchant leases land, charters a vessel, engages a captain, and so on. Also, the American colonies provided illustrations, fresh in men's minds, of how a civil community could be formed by adults pledging themselves to each other in certain respects, perhaps by a written agreement. Further, the expulsion of James the Second

and the invitation given to William of Orange were the theory itself acted out before the eyes of the world. The king having failed to promote those ends which the people thought desirable, he was replaced by another who was prepared to pledge himself to rule as they wished.

But, of course, no account would be complete which left out the ultimate religious roots of the social contract. For contract write 'covenant', and the connexion with the Old Testament and the Independent doctrine of the Church is crystal-clear. Locke himself was of Independent stock and something of the spirit of Cromwell was still astir in the country when king was exchanged for king. The social contract theory is, in one respect, a secularization of the covenant. Now the covenant was originally between God and man, and only subsequently between the king and his people, with God as the third party and guarantor. What has happened in the process of secularization is clear: God is omitted, or He lingers only as the Deity in the background, as in the American and French Revolutions.

Once this has been grasped, we can see that what lies behind the two conceptions of authority, for one of which it is from above while for the other it is from below, is the original conviction that authority is from God though it must be exercised on His behalf by men. On the one view, a particular human institution, the family, is given absolute value and taken as the model for society. The merit of this is that a personal connexion between the ruler and the ruled is to some extent preserved; its defect is that the human limitations which may be tolerated within the family become unbearable and fraught with danger in so large a human group as the modern nation-state. On the other view, there are no illusions as to the virtues of the ruler and the necessity for guarding against any abuse of power on his part. But there is either a naive notion that the people are innocent of any will-to-power on their side or an appeal to the self-interest of the many to check that of the one. The result may be the achievement of a combination of stability and personal liberty even within a large-scale group, but this may carry with it the loss of any real and forceful sense of community and a shared enterprise. Clearly, neither tradition can claim a monopoly of the truth; each corresponds to a particular stage in social development, and each should be willing to learn from the other.

The second question which may be asked is: *Who are the bearers of freedom?*

We need to remind ourselves at this point that a passion for freedom as such is a comparatively late and by no means widespread phenomenon. One sees this within the home. The boy does not begin by questioning the authority of his parents; he begins by demanding to be allowed to stay out later in the evening. Particular instances of authority become irksome to us and particular exercises of freedom become desirable; we therefore rebel against the one and present a demand for the other. So it is in the political sphere. Certain forms of liberty, of worship, of trade, or of expression are secured by those whose circumstances make them feel the lack of these; they may leave other forms of authority unquestioned which seem to a later generation much more objectionable. Only when the process has been carried very far do theorists arise with a power of abstract thinking who come to value and assert liberty as a good

in itself. The mass of men may acquire their vocabulary but, when they stand for freedom, they have in mind some particular type of freedom which they wish to maintain.

Again, freedom to this or that is wrested from the rulers of a society in the first instance by individuals or small groups. A single person may arise as the champion of some new cause; in any case, advances are the work, not of classes but of persons. Yet the individual is not in himself a power; he has power in so far as his own experience symbolizes that of many people. The monk of Wittenberg shook Europe just because, when he spoke, so many in Germany felt that he had expressed to perfection what was in their minds. Therefore behind the individual stands the class in the widest sense of the term, and his actions have force because they are also its.

In the West, it was the middle class which first asserted liberty by its revolt against despotism in Church and State. The term 'middle class' has of course to be understood in no narrow and rigidly economic sense. It includes the Swiss peasantry who combined their cantons into a federation and maintained their rights against a foreign overlord. It includes also the American colonists who crossed the seas in quest of opportunities denied them in Europe and created a society untrammeled by an hereditary aristocracy and an established form of religion. The German burghers who supported Luther in his struggle against Rome and the Huguenots who in France opposed the claims of conscience to the dictates of the State must also be taken into account. In our own country the manufacturing class, often Nonconformist in religious allegiance, broke the power of the landed aristocracy and, having secured the franchise for itself, went on to supply leaders to the working class in its struggle for the same privileges.

It is clear from what has just been said that much more was at stake in all this than an economic determinism would admit. The middle class drew upon a tradition which went back, in our own country at any rate, to the Bible. The impulses which the Western nations received from Christian Rome were modified by a series of events which fall within the last half-millennium. The Renaissance brought with it a fresh appreciation of secular values, a sense of the worth of the individual, and an impulse to self-expression on his part. The Reformation challenged the authority of the Church which, for the medieval mind, had been indistinguishable from God, appealing to that of Scripture as it authenticates itself to the conscience of the believer. The Rationalist movement of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries directed men's minds from the other world to this, and the Industrial Revolution introduced a whole new set of activities which claimed the time and strength of the worker, while they offered glittering prizes to the entrepreneur. Thanks to the convergence of all these tendencies, a state of things was produced in which liberty as the middle class prized it had many facets; it was religious as well as economic. Above all, liberty was something to be enjoyed by the individual in his sphere of private life and not merely as a member of a class. It could therefore become an ideal upon which the working class entered in its turn, they too claiming the rights inherent in the human person as such.

When we turn to Eastern Europe, a quite different picture is presented to us. Russia received Christianity from Byzantium, not from Rome. She was

virtually untouched by the Renaissance and the Reformation. The discovery of the individual was made without her participation, and the mass of her people lived as members of the village commune right into the present century. The Industrial Revolution had only begun to make itself felt in Russia when the first world war broke out, revealing the pitiful inadequacy of the country's industry and transport. There was in fact no middle class capable of exercising an influence upon national policy: it could supply members to the Duma, but it had no appeal to the masses.

The bid for freedom was made therefore by the class which the Industrial Revolution had begun to bring into existence, by the few thousand members of the urban proletariat in Petersburg and Moscow. These men were disciplined by the organization which had embittered them, and they were in large centres of population in which it was possible for subversive propaganda to circulate. They made common cause with the soldiers who were weary of the vain struggle against Germany, and so achieved the revolutionary change-over. But be it noted that the Russian industrial proletariat took over Western social philosophy at its materialistic and Marxist stage, as it was current in socialist circles in the second half of the nineteenth century. For this, man is less an individual than a member of a particular class, the class being an economic group bound together by common self-interest. The older Socialism, with its appeal to the Christian ethic and the brotherhood of man, had been overcome, outside the Anglo-Saxon countries, by Marxism. Hence the Russian worker thought of freedom and fought for freedom as the emancipation of his class from economic exploitation.

In one of the ablest recent discussions of Russian political philosophy, the distinction is drawn between freedom *from* the state, which is what we prize, and freedom *within* the state, which is what seems desirable to the Russian.¹ This goes back to what has already been said of the contractual versus the patriarchal conceptions. A society governed by an official philosophy of life and summoning the individual to take part in the purposes prescribed by its head is, in fact, an extension of the family. We prefer a society in which the ruling group has only a limited assignment and is held in check all the time by the members.

To what extent has the Soviet citizen actually been given the kind of freedom which he regards as desirable, 'not freedom to move against the existing socialist order, but freedom of movement within that order'? The answer is most interesting. The impression one gets from reading the foreign language Press published in Moscow is that Soviet Russia has much in common with the United States in the heyday of capitalist development. There is a 'from log cabin to White House' mentality. Every young man or woman knows that if he has the requisite ability and at the same time does not offend against the party orthodoxy, the highest places in the land are open to him. No barriers of class or wealth or sex keep back the youth from the attainment of his ambition, if only he is politically circumspect. Curious that systems so diverse in their nature should yield the same benefits to those who live under them!

Granted that the economic freedom which the Russian enjoys is real and

¹ Somerville, *Soviet Philosophy* (1946), pp. 63ff.

substantial, we are bound to ask whether it must always remain his only one. Is there no possibility of an evolution toward the political liberty we enjoy, freedom of expression and even of propaganda according to our individual judgement? The answer would seem to be that here we must allow for a contradiction within Marxism. It is at once the heir of, and opposed to, the Western liberal tradition. On the one hand, *bourgeois* values are for it illusory, mere pretexts serving to conceal crude self-interest and brutal exploitation. Justice, order, and patriotism are so many devices to cheat the masses and control them for the advantage of the few who coin these specious terms. On the other hand, *bourgeois* values are for it real and of ultimate worth; they are the prize for which the revolutionary contends, and the justification of his violence is that it will bring about one day the classless society in which the brotherhood of man, so long a dream, will acquire reality. Of course, this is only a contradiction for the outsider; the Marxist explanation is simple. Values such as democracy, liberty, and justice are illusory so long as they are confined to a class, real once they become universal.

What this means is that at any given moment in the evolution of Russia, there will be a difference of opinion between those who are still obsessed by the need to struggle against the restriction of these values to a minority and those who hold that those values are on the way to being universalized. The former will be opposed to us and our democratic practices, the latter will feel a certain kinship with both. In his important book *Russland Unterwegs*, Fritz Lieb had stressed the existence within the ruling group in Russia of these two points of view. The foreign policy of the country oscillates, as is clear to everyone, between just these two poles. That it does so is no mere matter of political expediency; behind any such considerations lie the two possible interpretations of Marxism. One would make it anti-liberal, branding liberalism as a sham: the other would claim for it that it is the true liberalism, since only through economic emancipation can personal liberty be secured.

It may well be that this second school of thought is right. The Balkan nations are not yet mature enough to take over our political institutions; adult suffrage, secret voting, and party conflicts are not what they understand. Still less are they what these countries need. For some time yet their prime need will be the development of their natural resources for the benefit of all within their borders, in other words, the raising of the standard of life of their people. Only when this has been achieved will they be ripe for political democracy as we know it. We on the other hand need to learn from Russia how to supplement the freedoms we enjoy by others which will deliver the common man from want and unemployment, making him a collaborator in an enterprise whose design is to promote the general good. The question is not therefore whether Russia will move on to where we are, but whether we shall be willing each to learn from the other, and so to grow gradually nearer together.

The third question which may be asked here runs: *What is the relation between authority and freedom?*

One who had lived for several years in Moscow tells us how he once sought to explain to a Russian worker the freedom we enjoy, specifying that it was

possible for anyone who wished to do so to stand up in Hyde Park and criticize the Government. The Russian replied that that meant nothing to him, as he had no wish to criticize the Government. On the other hand, before the Revolution he had to stand to attention when speaking to his foreman and call him 'sir'; after the Revolution he could keep his hands in his pockets and call him 'comrade'. That at once links on with what has just been said—that freedom in our sense is not greatly desired by the average man in Russia—and suggests a further thought of immense significance—that perhaps the Russian wants so much freedom that no Government can afford to allow him any! The man who keeps his hands in his pocket and calls the foreman 'comrade' is one to whom all discipline is irksome.

There is in the Russian soul a limitless passion for freedom. Does this perhaps correspond to the limitless steppes which have been the cradle of this people? I once heard Stephen Graham in a lecture contrasting the British and the Russian temperaments. 'Get twelve Englishmen together and give them a job of work; they will elect one of their number as foreman and get it done. Give the same job to twelve Russians and they will gesticulate and argue, but nothing will ever be done.' This boundless self-assertion on the part of the Russian is akin to that of the Spaniard; in each case, despotism has been resorted to in order to curb it. Is there, politically speaking, any other way? Russia has produced only two political philosophies. They are autocracy and anarchism. The Socialist movement of last century was torn between Marx, who wished to seize the state, and Bakunin, who wished to destroy it. One was a German, the other a Russian. So the characters of the Russian novel oscillate between arrogance and submission, absolute self-assertion and abject self-depreciation. The balanced view of life, in which self-criticism does not cripple the will but directs it, seems impossible to them. The Russian, as Dostoevski said in *The Idiot*, is always an extremist. Agnosticism is not possible to him, he must be either a passionate believer or an equally impassioned atheist. This extremism and inability to compromise or even to see oneself objectively is a trait which the Russians have in common with the Spaniards. Every international conference reveals some Russian diplomatist as at once brutally rude and nervously 'touchy'.

Such a mentality has called forth, as the only possible instrument of control, a strong, even autocratic, ruler. The anarchic impulses of the many must be curbed by the iron will of the one. Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, Lenin, and Stalin are of one family; the Red Tsars are the children of the White Tsars. Still, as of old, order is imposed upon a people who do not want order. In his legend of the Grand Inquisitor Dostoevski tells how mankind surrenders its freedom for bread and circuses to the strong men who take upon themselves the responsibility of deciding for their fellows. What he viewed with horror has come to pass. He did not see that his people so understood freedom that they could not hold together without an authority of this kind.

On the other hand, in countries like Switzerland and Scandinavia, as well as in our own, the ideal of an ordered and self-disciplined freedom has established itself. We conceive of the individual as limiting his freedom by consideration for the claims of others, and so securing a balance of those two factors, authority and liberty, which in Russia are opposed, because they are

equated so mistakenly with despotism and anarchy. Such an achievement is only possible when a high degree of political maturity has made possible the unity of authority and freedom, or of respect for the general weal and fidelity to the conviction of the individual. We must not be surprised if Russia remains for a long time yet in her present nervous state, seeing a menace in every suggestion that she is not perfect and dividing the nations into those who are with her—the angels—and those who are against her—the fiends. We need to exercise all the patience which is at our command in helping her to attain that stability which she needs so much, that emotional security which will enable her to work readily with others and not merely to present them with demands.

Perhaps we may sum up this discussion of what is at stake as between East and West by saying that we must learn to distinguish between those situations in which we must say 'No' to Russia and those in which we must be willing to accept her as expressing a view of life which, while not our own, yet has equal rights with it. The clash between us is sometimes, from our point of view, that between right and wrong; sometimes, again, it is one between two historically-conditioned systems which should live and let live. The danger is twofold. We may seek to appease Russia by surrendering to her on some point of principle, or we may resist her on some issue, such as that of the form of government in the Balkan countries, where her experience is a better guide than ours. One thing, however, is clear. The problem which Russia presents us with is not one which can be solved by war. It calls rather for fidelity to our own way of life, coupled with toleration of one quite different from our own.

If it is asked whether there is not something more that we can do to bring about reconciliation between Russia and ourselves, the answer is that there is. The Bolsheviks have been able to draw upon something much older than Marxism in the Russian tradition, upon the Russian passion for human brotherhood, the will to break down all artificial barriers, that man may meet with man. Our society seems to them artificial and conventionalized in the extreme, even a tyranny, because our actions are governed by so many invisible controls, by what is done in our profession or calling, what is expected of us, and so on. If we could introduce into our society with its routine and inhibitions the reality and the brotherhood which the Russian values, we might convince him that we are at heart as he is. This is something which can be done without waiting for his approval, indeed, we have it in advance. It may win him. If it does not, it is still worth while for its own sake to try this way.

E. L. ALLEN

G. K. CHESTERTON: MAN OF LETTERS AND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

'A LIGHT HEART in a fat body ravishes not only the world but the philosopher.' That sentence of George Meredith's anticipated with curious exactness the position which G.K.C. holds in the estimation of the reading public. He was the possessor of a light heart in a very fat body—did he not claim to be the politest man in England because he once stood up in a bus and offered his seat to three ladies? He succeeded in ravishing not only the philosophers but the world, for he was both a profound thinker and a popular writer.

His output was enormous and his writings have a remarkable range and variety. He has written poetry, novels (of a sort), biography, art and literary criticism, sociological studies, detective stories, a history of England (in which he succeeded in hardly mentioning a single fact of English history), at least one play, and volumes of controversial theology.

His larger and more sustained works impose rather a severe strain upon the mental energies of the ordinary reader. Chesterton needs to be taken in small doses, a little and often. Yet, though much of his work is topical, it is by no means ephemeral. He wrote about passing things, but he wrote about them in the light of abiding principles, and though the occasion and the topic pass away, the wisdom remains.

The form and subject of his books matter little. G.K.'s entertainment is a 'one-man show'. We read him for his humour, his paradox, his flamboyant imagination, his style as headlong as a torrent, his mind fresh and freakish, and his sound common sense which together make up his contribution to the thought of his time. He is scarcely a thinker at all in the conventional sense. He deals solely with intuitions and tastes. But that is his point. 'Never believe', he says, 'in anything that can't be told in coloured pictures.'

For the full understanding of his more serious works you must contribute a well-stored and logical mind, and a sense of humour. His physical hugeness had its counterpart in an ample and spacious mind. Many of his sentences sound like a jingling trick of words, but it is seldom safe to dismiss Chesterton at that. Like Shaw, Chesterton is at heart deadly serious. There are those who dismiss him as a superb buffoon, one who was not always in earnest but said many things for the sake of coining an epigram, or throwing into the debate a staggering paradox. But this is putting the cart before the horse. It was Chesterton's conviction which provoked the language, not the language which originated the conviction.

Paradox is a habit with him. He can never resist the opportunity of expressing himself in that mode. Straightforward writing seemed to him altogether too pedestrian. Paradox is an outlet for his joy of life. He says so himself: 'Paradox simply means a certain defiant joy which belongs to belief.' For those who can follow him his gaiety is infectious.

At the age of sixteen he was a complete agnostic, and he was brought back to the orthodox faith of Christianity by the reading of Huxley, Spencer, and Bradlaugh. For, as he said, he found Christianity attacked on all sides and for

all manner of contradictory reasons. This discovery led him to the conviction that Christianity must be an extraordinary thing abounding in paradox. But he had already discovered the abundant element of paradox in life, and when he analysed the two paradoxes he found them to be one and the same, and so he became a Christian.

In *Orthodoxy* he compares himself to an English yachtsman who set out on a voyage of discovery, and having lost his course, found himself approaching what he thought to be a new island in the South Seas. Running into harbour, he found that he had landed at Brighton: he had discovered England.

'That yachtsman is Chesterton himself,' says Dr. John Kelman. 'Sailing the great sea of spiritual speculation he discovered a land of facts and convictions to which his own experience had guided him. On that strange land he ran up his flag, only to make the further and astonishing discovery that it was the Christian faith at which he had arrived.'

He was able to influence others who had their time of doubt and disbelief toward the Christian faith. Canon Raven, in the second chapter of *A Wanderer's Way*, speaking of his life as an undergraduate says:

To me came the boisterous and brilliant faith of Mr. Chesterton turning the tables on the heretics and exploding their paper castles with a splutter of fireworks. Hitherto the unbelievers had had a monopoly of wit if not of wisdom; all the fun of the game had been with them. The poor old Church had been a sorry victim under the supple rapiers of its assailants. Now, with the antics of a knockabout comedian and a shrewd skill with the quarter-staff a modern Friar Tuck had come roaring to the rescue. When he saw a head he hit it hard. It was glorious sport: whatever our beliefs we rocked with delight. And behind the harlequinade there was more virile stuff: in the epigrams rang out a clear voice speaking truth. This man at least was not afraid to talk as if God was real. Whatever the value of his philosophy, he at least took religion so seriously that he could hardly speak about anything else.

That is profoundly true. G.K. did introduce his religious beliefs at every turn whether he was writing an article for the *Illustrated London News* or a poem or a detective tale. He believed so intensely that he had to pass on to others his belief. He felt that he had a message to deliver and he did this in a thousand ways. 'Nothing is important', he said, 'except the fate of a soul.' Man's salvation stood foremost in his mind. He had the prophetic touch, the desire to warn, to advise, and to convince. It explains his use of the essay, his references to history, his literary sympathies, even the peculiar form he gave to his stories. Behind the prophet stands the reformer. We might say of him what he said of Shaw: 'You may attack his principles but you cannot attack their application.'

The charm of Chesterton's mind is that he sees things in the picturesque, topsy-turvy, impossible fashion of the fairy tale. Here is his description of a gateway in Rome carved like the face of a huge goblin with open jaws. He described the entry and exit of the man who lived in the house: 'Whenever he went into his house he was devoured by a giant like the princesses in the fairy tales. Whenever he came out of his house he was vomited forth by a hideous leviathan like the prophet in the story of Nineveh.' One is not surprised to find G.K. a lover of fairy tales, for in many things he remained a child to the end of his days. In a way he did not grow up except in physical bulk. Writing

of the characters of Dickens, he says that they do not progress or change: they are there as if eternal. If you turned a corner and met Mr. Micawber, you would know just what he would look like, and what he would say. So it was with G.K.

His friend Mr. W. R. Titterton says: 'When I turned a corner in Fleet Street, I was always expecting to see him striding toward me, a winged vision of jovial history: the big, proud, humble face under the huge soft hat, puckered into a thoughtful smile behind the negligent pince-nez, a cigar sprouting from the corner of his mouth, papers bulging from the pockets under the flapping cloak.'

He is the boy who wouldn't grow up—the fat boy of English literature, whose mind is as well nurtured as his body. He never grew old. He stands for youth and laughter and the deep wisdom of the heart. In a criticism on Shaw he helps us to see one great difference between them. 'Shaw is wrong about nearly all the things we learn early in life while one is simple.' Concerning these things, G.K. was always right. So it is natural to find him a lover of fairy tales, for they are amongst the things that one learns early. 'The problem of the fairy tale', he wrote, 'is "What will a healthy man do with a fantastic world?"' The problem of the modern novel is "What will a madman do with a dull world?"' Not the least appeal that Christianity made to G.K.C. came through its romance. He preserved his childhood's sense of wonder.

When Emile Cammaerts and his little girl last visited G.K., he showed the girl his toy theatre which he had brought back from Spain, with bright scenery, electric lights, and brand new stories.

But the stage itself was far more exciting than the plays. It had to be inspected from many angles. We twisted our necks and bent our backs to obtain a better view, but the two children of the party, though one was fifty years older than the other, went down on their knees at once, assuming that humble attitude which comes naturally to children before their toys, as it comes to men before their God. I thought of his own words in *Tremendous Trifles*: 'If I am in any other and better world, I hope that I shall have enough time to play with nothing but toy theatres.'

At his best Chesterton sees things with a child's unspoilt view and speaks of them with all the startling simplicity of a child. He saw life as an adventure in which the unexpected may always happen. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton in a lecture which I heard her deliver on 'G.K.' as I knew him told us that on his wedding day he bought a revolver because they were going to the Norfolk Broads and he felt bound to protect his bride against possible pirates. He also drank a glass of milk, which he had done every day with his mother in childhood, as the last act of his old life. To be alive was a great adventure—the greatest of all crimes he regarded as being bored.

His first book was called *The Wild Knight* and it was a very appropriate title. He always had the chivalry of a knight and an enthusiasm for the age of knights. He never left the nursery. He maintained that the wisdom of the nursery is the real wisdom of the world, for it is a wisdom that is serious and entirely unselfconscious.

It has been truly said that the whole of G.K.'s writing revolved around two fundamental convictions—that life is worth living and that at the heart of

actuality is romance. Both notes were struck in his first published works: *The Wild Knight and other poems*, which appeared in 1910, and *Twelve Types*.

During the next ten years he poured forth an astonishing succession of poems, stories, and critical essays which amused, fascinated, and exasperated, but rarely convinced his public. *Tremendous Trifles*, the title of one of his books of essays, suggests G.K.'s belief in the importance of odds and ends. He had the ability to seize the significance of little things. His book on Browning in the 'English Men of Letters' series (1904) showed his affinity with the great poet who found meaning in the ugliest and meanest things. In 1906 he wrote a study of the great master of humour and optimism in the Victorian age, Dickens, followed three years later by a study of Shaw. In Dickens he found the most brilliant illustration of his faith that the heart of reality is romance, for which of his novels was so romantic as his autobiography, *David Copperfield*? But Dickens had also, in *Pickwick*, given free rein to an exuberant fancy and Chesterton characteristically proclaimed both works his masterpiece.

It was only with the Dickens of *Pickwick* that G.K.'s talent in story-making had the slightest affinity. The so-called novels with which he bewildered the literary world go far beyond *Pickwick* in their whimsicality. He does not conform to any particular standard in his novel writing. His novels have the unusual quality of being novel. He is not content that the art of fiction should merely amuse or annoy but demands that it should reach as well. His detective stories revolving round Father Brown often end with a moral as well as a surprise.

Chesterton is as eccentric in his essay-writing as in his novels. But he is careful not to be clever at the expense of clarity. He always seems to see more than anyone else. He hits hard but is never consciously unfair. He is bold and yet avoids being reckless. Father Rice of Douai says that G.K.'s essays form the finest and only reliable history of our times.

In 1908, our author attracted the attention of a more serious class of readers by his notable book called *Orthodoxy*. It is a plea, full of eloquence, wit, and passion, for traditional Christianity. He does not so much write as paint from a box of colours with a large brush. It is a brave and boisterous book, an impressionistic study of the Christian creed. Since it deals with a religion which is a supreme paradox, it is not surprising that this book abounds in paradoxes. A paradox is a truth with edges and point like a sword, and like a sword it challenges. Someone has accused G.K. of betraying a tired mind, by his paradoxical style. The only tired mind I know of in this connexion is the mind of the reader trying to keep up with his author, for paradox has well been described as truth in telegraphic brevity. It is a mercy Chesterton elected to write in this way, for if he had adopted any other style, the world would not have contained the books he must have written.

One critic has said, and I think with justice: 'Chesterton was not at his best when expounding a system.' He was at his best in an attack, which he called a defence. His two best prose works are *G. B. Shaw*, in which he attacks and confutes Shaw, and *Orthodoxy*, in which he attacks and confutes himself.

He fought resolutely and with utter conviction but neither hating nor provoking hate. One thinks of Carlyle's account of how he walked with John Sterling, arguing hotly but except in opinion not disagreeing. That is how

most Christians who did not share Chesterton's creed felt toward him. He fought under a flag which was not theirs, but they could share his spirit and love him for his prowess.

He loved the very breath of argument. He delighted in the blows given and taken in the course of a controversy. Beneath this there lay a definite philosophy of life. The denial of life seemed to him to be a fundamental blasphemy. He is an optimist, believing that all things are very good. With Walt Whitman he could say: 'No array of terms can express how much at peace I am about God.' It was because Christianity quickened and intensified life that he became a defender of the faith.

His book *Orthodoxy* is an essay in Christian apologetics as well as an intimate self-revelation. G.K. began his study of Christianity in the best possible way—he read everything against it. He learned that Christianity had to fight ridiculously weak opponents. Reading the so-called Free Thinkers he discovered that they were the only people who were not free. Christianity is attacked on all sides because it is all-sided. In his book 'he hurls against the heresies of the day all the missiles at his disposal. He empties against them the quiver of his satire and the bulging bags of his humour.' *Orthodoxy* is Chesterton's most important book, for whether Christianity is true or false is a matter of supreme importance. It was first published nearly forty years ago, but it is still as fresh as the day it was written. It was written at a time when the fortunes of orthodoxy were very low and the New Theology was like the cat among the pigeons. Foch in his famous dispatch in 1918 wrote: 'My centre is giving way, my right is in retreat; situation excellent. I shall attack.' Chesterton came forward to defend the Church militant when the offensive was strong. He at once took the offensive. He wrote with the extravagance of love—love of life, love of this great round world. He asserts the need for belief in ultimate things. You must know what is right before you can aim at doing right or being right.

The Everlasting Man, published seventeen years later, is a sequel to *Orthodoxy*, or perhaps a fulfilment of it. It is more profound than the earlier work, more serious, less original, the apologetic of a very convinced person. Monsignor O'Connor, the original of 'Father Brown', regards this book as G.K.'s masterpiece. He says: 'It is in the middle close and difficult reading because of the density of the matter. Chesterton took the whole jungle of comparative religion upon his hayfork and made hay. But anthologies not yet dreamed will produce pages as discoveries of what English prose can be.'

For Chesterton Christianity must be *the* religion or it is no religion. He sees its progress as a great romantic adventure. He came to see that the Church was the only consistent thing in the world and consistent because it was not of the world. His journey was a logical journey that had to end in Rome. It is easy to trace his mental processes from his varied writings. He was a sentimental Catholic from first to last. He was a Catholic in temperament and sympathy long before he went over to Rome. Indeed it was once said of him: 'Chesterton is a man who sits outside the Catholic Church telling the passers-by what a fine place it is inside.'

Here is his own account of his spiritual pilgrimage taken from the French paper *La Vie Catholique* in 1925:

Before arriving at Catholicism in 1922 I passed through different stages and was for a long time struggling. After much study and reflection I came to the conclusion that the ills from which England is suffering—Capitalism, crude Imperialism, Industrialism, Wrongful Rich, Wreckage of the family, are the result of England not being Catholic. The Anglo-Catholic position takes for granted that England remained Catholic in spite of the Reformation. After my conclusions it seemed reasonable to affirm that that England is Catholic. So I had to turn to the sole Catholicism, the Roman. Before my conversion I had a lot of Catholic ideas and my point of view in fact had but little altered. Catholicism gives us a doctrine, puts logic into life. It is not merely a Church authority. It is a base which steadies the judgement. To be a Catholic is to be all at rest.

Chesterton stands with Von Hugel and Francis Thompson as the greatest asset which the Roman Church has possessed in the twentieth century. But G.K. does not belong to Rome alone. He was at once more parochial and more universal than Rome, more parochial because, like Shakespeare, he represents something peculiarly English; and more universal because such a catholic spirit could not be confined to any single denomination.

He was a brilliant writer but he was more—a brilliant Christian—the only popular writer of the day who was unashamedly Christian. His Christianity is shining and white. His wisdom is very wise, his anger is very just, his religion is true, his charity broad and his understanding is deep.

He was a great human: as a democrat he loved men; as a Christian he loved God in men. He never tired of telling men that unless they cared for their next-door neighbour, their faith was worthless, and unless they worshipped God their democratic principles could not bear fruit.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton in the lecture already referred to said:

What G.K. wrote, he lived. He could write articles anywhere—in a cab, in a tea-shop, in a public house, or on a bus. He was always ready to debate with all sorts of people—he was the playboy of Fleet Street. He was always ready to espouse the cause of the downtrodden. All through his life he believed in anything that began in a small way. A large procession of people came to him for help and he was ever ready to do acts of kindness. He was more devoid of swank than anyone I have ever known. He never attached any importance to his works—a more simple-minded man or one less conscious of his greatness it would be impossible to meet. It was a pleasure to serve him. There was always a competition as to who should do little jobs for him in the Fleet Street office. One felt an inward glow of delight—to meet one who was at once so human and so poetic. [Her last sentence was:] He made people laugh and his love for his friends is still with them.

Is it any wonder that H. G. Wells said: 'If ever I get to Heaven, presuming there is a Heaven, it will be by the intervention of G.K.C.' Another friend of his, Walter de la Mare, wrote:

*Knight of the Holy Ghost, he goes his way,
Wisdom his motley, truth his loving jest,
The mills of Satan keep his lance in play,
Pity and innocence his heart at rest.*

But loveliest of all tributes is that of Monsignor O'Connor of Bradford:

*Chesterton, companion
His companions mourn:
Chesterton, crusader
Leaves a cause forlorn.
Chesterton, the critic
Pays no further heed.
Chesterton, the poet
Lives while men shall read.
Chesterton, the dreamer
Is by sleep beguiled
While there enters Heaven
Chesterton the child.*

JOHN BISHOP

MAHATMA GANDHI

'Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the Children of God.'

FEW men have so expressed and experienced this Beatitude as Mahatma Gandhi has done. He had a true and abiding happiness which arose from a mind that is 'at rest'. He was by no means idle or indifferent to the many sad and grievous happenings of today, but he had a mind that was full of quiet confidence in God, a life that was co-ordinated and free from conflicting ideals. Carlyle said: 'There is in man a higher than love of happiness: he can do without happiness and instead thereof find Blessedness.' That was the happiness that Gandhi had. It did not depend upon outward circumstances, such as prosperity and plenty, the comforts of a commodious dwelling-place. He could share these and enjoy them. He was welcomed as a friend in the Vice-regal Lodge, and he was equally at home in the dwellings of the poor and made his home among such, sharing their life, living largely on their food and drink. He has expressed, too, to our generation the truth of the words of our Lord: 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.'

In a very materialistic age he has emphasized the value of spiritual qualities, and the tremendous significance and force of individual personality. Often we feel that as individuals we are so impotent in the face of the massed forces around us so that we acquiesce in things as they are. Gandhi faced these forces, and beat them. He believed in 'soul force', *ahimsa*, and in a form of passive resistance to evil to which he gave the name of *Satyagraha*, and defied empires thereby, ultimately fashioning the policy of his country, India, and leading it to freedom. We wonder whether his followers have caught the same spirit and are ready to act upon it, but it ill behoves us who call ourselves Christians to cast stones at them, seeing we have fallen so far behind our Master. Once he

visited the United Theological College at Bangalore, where men are trained for the Christian ministry, and when asked if he had any message for them, he said, 'Follow Jesus Christ in all His rugged simplicity.'

The twentieth century has been marked by many upheavals. The first that affected India was the defeat of Russia by Japan. Two great wars, in both of which India has played no insignificant part, revolutions in the West and in the East, have all had their effect in creating disturbances here as elsewhere. And for the past thirty years Gandhi was in the forefront of those in India. Slogans have been coined—'Go back, Simon', 'Quit India', and so on; movements have been organized as the 'non-co-operative movement' and 'disobedience movement'; there have been sporadic outbursts in many parts of the country followed by shootings and arrests and imprisonments, all these have tended to fan the flames of insurrection, and as one looks back one is conscious of what might very easily have happened. The one man who held these forces in check was Gandhi. At least that is a personal judgement, having lived in India for the best part of the last twenty-five years, in Madras, in the Punjab, and in Bengal.

In the light of all these happenings it is still true to say that Gandhi was a peacemaker. That was the task he faced and knew it to be hard, thankless, misunderstood, open to opposition on the part of those whom he would muster as his friends and colleagues.

The Chinese, so says Dr. T. J. Koo, combine three separate pictures to express the conception of 'Peace', and each picture is a combination of two figures. To have 'Peace' we need the unity of the three.

The first picture is representative of 'Rice' and 'Mouth'—in other words, 'Food'. You can't have peace if people are hungry, and hunger is due to poverty. There is an economic basis for peace. Gandhi realized this and he had his own conception of how he would deal with the economic condition of his country. He fixed upon the *charka*, the 'spinning wheel'. It was to be used day by day, and especially when climatic conditions in this country¹ prohibited any work upon the land. It was a call too to the 'simplicities' of life.

The general judgement is that Gandhi's economics would have impoverished India more than she is already, that in this industrialized age India cannot lag behind if she is to provide for her increasing population. Some think that it would have been much better if he had turned his attention to the mills of Bombay, the leather factories of Cawnpore, the jute mills of Bengal, and the steel works of Bihar. But Gandhi had a wholesome horror of what 'industrialization' meant. He had lived in Britain. He had seen the mines of Johannesburg, he had familiarized himself with the literature of the growth of industries in England and elsewhere, and his soul shrank back in horror lest his people should endure what others have endured for the sake of money. He had seen the *shawls* of Bombay, the *bustees* of Calcutta; he knew the greed of gold, which was international, and what people will do for money, and make others do. His *charka* was a protest against it: it was the expression of honest labour and handicraft on the part of everyone. He believed that if this was carried through thoroughly there would be a sufficiency for everyone, that there would not be hunger. It was part of his policy to bring peace to his fellows.

The second picture is that of a 'House' and a 'Woman'. You cannot have

¹ Our contributor sent this appreciation from Calcutta by air-mail.

peace when those who are weak and dependent are unprotected. If such remain you are creating for yourselves an uprising which one day will swamp you. To make peace is to right this wrong.

Gandhi took to heart the sixty millions of 'untouchables' in his land. They were called 'outcastes', in some parts they were called 'pariahs'—names sufficiently degrading to add to their degradation. He re-named them *harijans*, the 'children of God', and treated them as such. It was a very definite challenge to the Hindu view of life and brought him into conflict with the hierarchy of this country, but he stuck to it, and secured for them the right to enter the temples in many parts of the country; politically they are now called the 'scheduled castes'; access to the village wells and also educational facilities have been obtained. There is a long way to travel still, but for the weak and the defenceless he contended. It was the task of 'peace'.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

The third picture is 'Two Hearts Joined'—that, of course, is obvious. You can't have peace where two hearts are *not* joined, either in the domestic life or national life. This was the supreme task which he faced for the past eighteen months, especially since India has been riven by 'communal' trouble.

In August 1946 Calcutta was drenched in blood and for a year tension was great; one never knew when another orgy of violence and murder would break out. He went to Calcutta in the early days of August 1947, made his home in one of the most disturbed parts amongst the *harijans*, asked the Leader of the Muslim Party to join him and live with him there, and Mr. Surrawady did so. As Independence Day drew near, no one could foresee what might happen. An amazing change took place within the space of an hour or so, and Calcutta rang with the shouts of union between Hindu and Muslim as they paraded the streets, shouting, '*Hindu Muslim ek ho*' (Hindu and Muslim are one). Unfortunately, within a few days there was another outburst of killing, and Gandhi announced a 'fast'. The days passed ominously but, at last, penitence was shown by the wrongdoers who came and confessed what they had done and why they had done it. The fast was broken; a new era dawned for Calcutta, which we trust will long continue. No other event has darkened this city since that day.

During the past year he went to the disturbed places: to Noakhalli in East Bengal where trouble broke out after the Calcutta riots, to Bihar which was a repercussion of East Bengal, and at last he went to Delhi. We are too familiar with the sad story of ruthless cruelty in the Punjab, of the thousands which have been killed or died through neglect and starvation, of the millions who have been on the road, forsaking their old territories. No one took this so much to heart as Gandhi did, and for months now he has done all that he could do to allay suffering, to remove the bitterness of feeling, to present a different way of life, until it seemed to him that the only way was once more to 'fast'.

On 14th January he had written out a message for the gathering which meets night by night for prayer and intended that it should be read. He had commenced his 'fast', but decided to go and deliver the message in person. Here is an extract of what he said:

In my early youth I dreamt the dream of communal unity of the heart. I shall jump in the evening of my life, like a child, to feel that the dream has been realized

in this life. Who would not risk sacrificing his life for the realization of such a dream! Then we shall have real *Swaraj*. Then, though legally and geographically we may be still two states, in daily life no one will think that we are separate states. A verse on one of the walls of a Palace in the Delhi Fort reads: 'If there is a Paradise on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here.' That Fort, with all its magnificence, at its best was no paradise in my estimation. But I would love to see that verse with justice inscribed on the gates of Pakistan at all the entrances. In such a Paradise, whether it is in the Union or in Pakistan, there will be neither paupers nor beggars, nor high nor low, neither millionaire employers nor half-starved employees, neither intoxicating drinks nor drugs. There will be the same respect for women as is vouchsafed to men, and the chastity and purity of men and women will be jealously guarded. There every woman, except one's wife, will be treated by men of all religions as another sister or daughter, according to her age. There will be no untouchability, and there will be equal respect for all faiths. They will be all proudly, joyously and voluntarily bread labourers. . . . If the ecstatic wishes of a fool like me are never realized, and the fast is never broken, I claim that God has inspired this fast, and it will be broken only when and if He wishes it. No human agency has ever been known to thwart, nor will it ever thwart, the Divine Will.

The 'fast' succeeded in accomplishing the first stage of reconciliation between Muslim and Hindu around Delhi.

Now he has been martyred; his life has been sacrificed for the thing he held most dear. We pray that, through this, God may bring two hearts into one, so making peace.

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.

J. O. COCHRAN

Notes and Discussions

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE CONTINENT TO NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES

GERMANY is still cut off from this country by a middle wall of partition. Until that is broken down we are dependent chiefly upon Sweden and Switzerland for books written in German, and we are thankful for such books as we can get from France.

Henri Clavier, Professor in the Protestant Faculty of Theology at the University of Strasbourg, has written a learned and comprehensive study, *L'Accès au Royaume de Dieu* (Clermont-Ferrand, Paris, 1944). In this every passage in the New Testament relating to entrance into the Kingdom of God is examined, with full footnotes supplying references to many books and illuminating many difficulties in the texts under consideration. The conclusion is summed up in a sentence: 'The conditions of entrance into the Kingdom form a programme of life; the nature of these conditions defines the nature of this life, and the nature of this life that of the Kingdom itself.' This serves as a text which is expounded in detail throughout the book.

Sweden is making a considerable contribution to Biblical studies. Not a few of these brochures originate in the New Testament Seminar at Upsala under the direction of Professor A. Fridrichsen. One of the latest of these is written by Harald Riesenfeld in French and published at Copenhagen by Ejnar Munksgaard under the title, *Jésus Transfiguré*. Little has been published in England on the Transfiguration. Since Dr. W. E. Beet's little book that appeared a generation ago I can only recall a recent learned study by Dr. G. H. Boobyer. Dr. Riesenfeld's thesis appeared first this year at Lund. Any future work on this subject will obviously have to take account of this careful exegetical study, with its full examination of all relevant matters in the field of comparative religious ideas and of New Testament theology.

Another Swedish monograph is one by Nils Johansson, published at Lund (Gleerupska Universitetsbokhandeln, 1940). The title is *Parakletoi*, 'Conceptions of advocates for men with God in Old Testament religion, in late Judaism, and in early Christianity'. This solid book of over 300 pages is marked by all the thoroughness of the German model, which it follows, not only in language, but also in method and in erudition.

The University of Lund was also responsible for a book which was published just before the war simultaneously at Lund and Leipzig. The author is Professor Hugo Odeberg, known to English scholars for his unfinished book expounding St. John's Gospel by reference to contemporary religious currents in Palestine and the Hellenistic-Oriental world. The latest book is in two parts, written in English, one giving the text (with transcription) of the Aramaic portions of *Bereshit Rabba*, the other supplying a grammar of Galilean Aramaic. This is merely mentioned here in view of the interest raised by Dr. Matthew Black's recent and important book, *The Aramaic Approach to the Gospels and Acts*.

It is to Switzerland that we owe the three books now to be named. First

comes a reprint from the *Eranos-Jahrbuch* for 1946. In this Professor Karl Ludwig Schmidt writes about *Die Natur- und Geistkräfte in Paulischen Erkennen und Glauben* (Rhein-Verlag Zürich, 1947). This takes up a subject first explored by Otto Everling sixty years ago, and then followed up by Martin Dibelius nearly forty years ago. This latest return to the Pauline doctrine of angels and demons originated in a request from Professor C. G. Jung that Professor Schmidt would give an exposition of the relevant passage in Colossians, as this was for him the special theme in Biblical study that most needed treatment. The latest discussions on the subject are brought within the present inquiry.

Professor W. Michaelis has written a little book which is of special interest at the present time, when so much attention is being given to modern translations of the Bible. Under the title, *Uebersetzungen, Konkordanzen und Konkordante Uebersetzungen des Neuen Testaments* (Basel, Heinrich Majer, 1946) we have a survey of the various Greek versions of the Hebrew Old Testament and of the ancient versions of the Greek New Testament into Latin, Syriac, and Coptic, showing how old is the problem of doing justice at the same time to the original meaning and to the idiom of the language into which the sacred text is being rendered. An account is then given of Luther's famous version, of its successive revisions, and of the other famous Reformation German Bible, the Zürich Bible, which Froschauer printed in this city in 1524. This New Testament was Luther's first edition adapted to the Swiss dialect of German by Zwingli. The further history of this translation, which was limited to the Reformed Church in Switzerland, is also told. A very readable account is furnished of the various modern translations of the Bible into German.

The last part deals with the subject of concordances and of concordant translations. In English we have excellent concordances based on the Authorized Version, and one has recently been published for readers of Moffatt's version. The wide use of modern translations in Germany has shown the need of a concordance that will cover the wider range of words, with some indication of the version in which a word not in the Luther Bible is to be found. An account is given of a 'Concordant Version' of the Bible, edited by an American German at Los Angeles and printed and published in Germany. It claims to translate every word in the original tongue by the same German word and to use the same German word only when translating the same Hebrew or Greek word. This experiment is a warning to English translators to avoid that pitfall of inflexibility.

The last book to be mentioned comes also from Switzerland, but, strangely enough, the author is a Japanese, Dr. Goro Mayeda, a Privatdozent in the University of Geneva. The title explains its contents: *Das Leben-Jesu-Fragment Papyrus Egerton 2 und seine Stellung in der urchristlichen Literaturgeschichte* (Bern, Verlag Paul Haupt, 1946).

This is our fullest commentary on the fragment of an apocryphal Gospel which Messrs. H. I. Bell and T. C. Skeat edited from some papyrus leaves in the British Museum in a handsome volume in 1935. This Japanese scholar presented the present work as a thesis for the doctorate at Marburg in 1944. It succeeds in gathering up the results of the discussions which have taken place in the last decade, and deals with the text, its translation, meaning and relation to other Gospels, both canonical and apocryphal. It is quite indispensable to

all who are interested in the study of the Gospels and their use in the early Church.

The sad news reached this country early in December that Martin Dibelius died in the previous month. For some time tubercular trouble had limited his powers of work, and it is to be feared that the food problem and the conditions of life in post-war Germany precluded any hope of recovery. To some of the readers of this REVIEW he was a personal friend. Some had been his students at Heidelberg, where he succeeded the famous Johannes Weiss in his professorial chair in 1915. I first entered into correspondence with him through the kind offices of Professor Adolf Deissmann in 1919, when that apostle of Anglo-German friendship was trying to bring together those on both sides of the North Sea whose interests in Biblical studies had much in common. I visited him at Heidelberg in August 1921, and he paid the first of many visits to our home in March 1926, when he came to this country for the first time. On one of those visits I handed him a letter addressed to him at my house when I met him at the station. Later on, after opening it, he looked very grave, but said nothing. A year or two later on his next visit he reminded me of this incident and then told the story that lay behind it. Shortly before he started his journey to England as one of a team of eight professors who were to visit a number of British universities, he and his household had been awakened at 2 a.m. by the Gestapo, who made the family dress and go down to a room while the police thoroughly searched his house. They were looking for some incriminating documents, as he was known to be quite unsympathetic to the Nazi Government. The next day he went to the Ministry of Education to obtain an assurance that no such visitation would take place during his absence on this university commission. This was solemnly given. The letter that I handed to him on his arrival at Birmingham was from his son to say that another domiciliary visit had taken place, this time by day, and every drawer in his bureau had been ransacked, and every book taken from the shelves in a search for compromising papers. There can be no doubt about the intense hatred which Martin Dibelius entertained for Hitler and all his works. I recall this incident, as the late Dr. Garvie, both in the *British Weekly* and in the *Expository Times*, drew attention to a booklet written by Dibelius and published in 1940 with the title *Britisches Christentum und britische Weltmacht*. This was one in a series of pamphlets published in Germany during war under the general heading, *Das britische Reich in der Weltpolitik*. After the war, in his first letter to me, Dibelius expressed his concern that Garvie's account of this booklet (which he had not seen) might give his English friends a mistaken impression of his friendly purpose. I asked for a copy, which he sent. It is easy to see the difficult position in which he was placed by the requirement that he should write in such a series, and at the same time to recognize that he was doing his best to speak a word in favour of British Christianity. Any of his many friends in this country who have seen this little brochure must have wished that it had not been written. But of his deep affection for Great Britain there can be no doubt.

Martin Dibelius wrote a number of books, as *Jehovah's Ark* (1906), *The World of Spirits in the Faith of Paul* (1909), *The Early Christian Tradition of John*

the Baptist (1911). Then came his commentaries on the shorter Pauline Epistles, most of which ran into a third revised edition before the outbreak of the second World War. These came out in Lietzmann's *Handbuch zum N.T.* He also edited the Shepherd of Hermas in the supplementary volume on the Apostolic Fathers, and the Epistle of James in Meyer's series. But to many in this country his name is mainly associated with the new school of Form-criticism, which he initiated with his slender volume, *Die Formgeschichte des Evangeliums* (1919), just before Karl Ludwig Schmidt published his *Der Rahmen der Geschichte Jesu*, and two years before Rudolf Bultmann gave the world his far more negative book, *Die Geschichte der synoptischen Tradition*. Dibelius was nothing like so destructive as the others, and in his greatly enlarged second edition (1933; E.T., *From Tradition to Gospel*, 1934) he clarified his position. His positive interest was brought out still more clearly in some lectures delivered at King's College, London, and published in English as *Gospel Criticism and Christology* (1945). *Die Botschaft von Jesus Christus* (1935; E.T., *The Message of Jesus*, 1939) is an attempt to present the results of Form-criticism as applied to the oldest material in the Gospels. Two earlier books were *Geschichtliche und übergeschichtliche Religion in Christentum* (1925) and *Geschichte der christlichen Literatur* (1926; considerably enlarged for the English edition, *A Fresh Approach to the New Testament and Early Christian Literature*, 1936). This book originally came out in two little parts in that pocket series, the *Sammlung Göschen*. In this same series appeared Dibelius's last publication before the war, *Jesus* (1939). The scope of this study may be indicated by the titles of the chapters: Jesus in History; Our Sources; His People, Country, Origin; The Popular Movement; The Kingdom of God; The Signs of the Kingdom; The Son of Man; Mankind before God; His Enemies; Faith and Unbelief. One small point may catch the attention of the reader of this little book. On the title page after the author's name he added the words 'D.D. (St. Andrews)'. It is the custom at that University nearly every year to give an honorary doctorate in Divinity to some scholar outside Scotland. Both Martin Dibelius and Rudolf Bultmann have received this distinction, and I know how highly he valued it. It was also a great delight to him that he was invited to deliver a course of lectures at one of the American universities. He was a keen supporter of the Ecumenical movement and took an active part in the Faith and Order conferences. It is sad to think how the last years of his life were overcast first by the Nazi tyranny, then by the war, and ever since by increasing ill-health. Those who think of his eager spirit, his active movements, his keen sense of humour, in the days before the shadows fell, were hoping that he would be alert and alive till many more years of fruitful writing had run their course. Only sixty-five last September, he must be numbered with many more of the New Testament scholars of Germany whose torch has been quenched far too early under the curse which Hitler cast over the Fatherland and, indeed, all Europe.

WILBERT F. HOWARD

WORSHIP

(Address delivered at the Seventh Methodist Ecumenical Conference, Springfield, Mass.,
U.S.A., 29th September 1947)

MY theme is to be 'The Religious Life and Worship': and it will be evident to many of my hearers, especially those from the other side of the Atlantic, that this paper owes a heavy debt to the writings of Evelyn Underhill, whose great book on 'Worship' has the matter root and branch within it. It is well to begin with a definition, and the definition is hers: 'Worship', she says, 'is the total adoring response of man to the one Eternal God: the utter self-abandonment of the creature to God as the Existent of all existence.' Worship, again, has been described as the glad, adoring recognition of God's excellence, both as remembered in His threefold personal existence, and in the work of Christ. It is for these reasons that (it seems to me, at the very outset) the question, 'Why worship?' is unanswerable—apart from saying, 'I worship, because God is God, and I have seen Him.' The one who questions the need for worship simply shows by his question that he has not seen God. Worship has been well described as 'disinterested delight'—it is not *for* anything.

It is the Church's office to lead men to reality; that is why worship is the Church's supreme task, for it is as we worship that we see life itself properly ('This is life eternal, that they might know Thee. . . . John 17^a). This is no call to quietism: worship is not inactivity; it is 'a humble and costly co-operation with God's grace, moving toward the complete dedication of life . . . a free self-offering without conditions to the transforming energy of God' (to quote Evelyn Underhill again). It is a self-giving, prompted by the Blessed Vision.

Surveying the course of my address, I hesitate over the title for its second section. I dare not call it 'The Value of Worship', for in a sense the question, 'Why worship?' is a blasphemous one! Why is worship important? No satisfactory answer could be given to those who do not know God: those who do know Him will need none. But there are certain things that we can say.

1. Worship is the doorway into reality. It is the sufficient shield against subjectivism; it purifies, enlightens, transforms. Man's relation to his God is too apt to decline from adoration to demand; there is an ever-pressing need to transcend our feeling of self-contentment. Worship (which is adoration) leads the creature out of his inveterate self-absorption into a knowledge of God. We are thus losing our life, and gaining it.

2. The way of worship would cure the world of that self-conceit which is the way of death, and lead into the true life, which is to know that we have no resource except God. Strangely and sadly, we see that all the failures of a man-made economy, all wars and dissensions, yet fail to diminish man's confidence that in himself is the power to do all. Herein is man's present ruin. There is a weakness, a flaw in the stuff of humanity; the Maker alone is the guide to our proper life. Worship provides the true orientation; we look and we live.

3. The realization of God's excellence that is worship gives us hope in a

pessimistic world; it sees the permanent in a world of change; true riches and treasure in the midst of deprivations and difficulties. Those who know their Lord in worship have, like Him, meat to eat that other men know not.

4. If I say that one of the benefits of worship is that it leads blindingly straight toward a proper conviction of sin, I count this a benefit, because without such conviction we cannot rise into new life. And what else can assure and convict us of sin, but only the sense of great excellences, of infinite resources, that shame our poverty of living—in a word, the sense of Him? From the moment of Abram's 'horror of great darkness', through the time of Isaiah's Temple vision, from the day of Peter's abasing cry in the presence of his Lord, to the very latest conversion in this day of grace, it has been so.

5. Then, again, the revivals of our Faith have ever come at the hands of those who have seen their God, who worshipped, and then gave utterance to what they saw. So it was with Wesley, and with every other herald of God.

6. In the most comprehensive of these words, it is worship that motivates all our acts and all our service. How should we serve until we have seen the pattern in the Mount? Truly the most important question for any day is, 'What is man *for*?' When he worships, he knows. They serve the better, who know what they are doing, and who can judge the signs of their progress or their straying. We have no need by now to stress the protest, so often necessary, against defining mystics as do-nothings. Whatever complaint men made of Amos or Teresa, this charge did not figure strongly! Brother Lawrence was a mystic who *glowed* in the kitchen; a small knowledge of communal life suggests that had he been unsatisfactory there he would have been removed! Moses saw the invisible, and moved a nation. So it is when those who *see*, burst into the world with their message, like Luther or Bunyan, saying: 'If you can see what I see, this you must do!' So the Christians of Germany earned Einstein's tribute; they endured as seeing the invisible. Only those who can see the other world plainly, are sure of the value of this one.

Thirdly, can we induce the spirit of worship—and how? This is an urgent question today, because the spirit of reverence, of adoring love, of wondering awe, is so strikingly and lamentably absent from the world. A man said to me in this very city two days since, 'I don't often go to a church service. I can put my feet up and listen to the wireless in my own home. Where's the difference?' Our answer may be ready; but it is even more conclusive and pressing if everywhere there are the glad, adoring families of God, waiting to receive such a one into something warm and personal and exulting. Yet we cannot worship to order.

We must bring men to see God. That involves some kind of institution; it involves a teaching ministry. We must bring men to see God. It is the vision of God that is the first cause of worship; the awed conviction of the reality of the Eternal set over against us.

I should have liked to glance at the twofold tendency, the constant tension, in our worship, between the formal, institutional worship which cherishes a sense of history and tradition, and the individual, spontaneous, which tends to stress the needs and feelings of the instant. This tension is never resolved; but the tension itself is productive of what Studdert Kennedy called 'creative conflict'; and each aspect keeps the other healthy and alive. But there is no

time for the following-up of these thoughts, and so I turn to some practical suggestions whereby the spirit of worship may grow and increase in our midst.

1. First, worship must receive a higher status and end-value among us. The preacher must show that it is worship that *counts*: we must make worship our task. One way to commend this fact to the attention of the present day is to stress the fact, mentioned a few minutes ago, that it is worship that brings true knowledge; that service without knowledge is vain—especially as life becomes more and more technical. There are more and more spheres today wherein the willing volunteer is nothing but a nuisance! What is true of a part of life is true of life itself. We must know what we are *for*: and worship is the way wherein we may learn. Not that we are not to serve God; not that we may not stress our service; but that first we must get our commission; we must see what God has done, and where we start; where we take up what He has done. Service to God must be what God wants, not what we think He wants! Psychologically, too, this is true; all the burning adjurations of the exhorter may well produce nothing but a wistful desire to follow his exhortations, and a sad sense of impotence to do so. But a warm, Methodist declaration of what God has done—and we are like children with pennies burning holes in their pockets! *Now we can do; for God has done!*

2. So far as we can, we must arrange and design for worship. We cannot bring fire from heaven; but we can arrange the altar. We can make worship the chief note in our services. Bissett Pratt has said that the worshipper must be made to feel that something is being *done* in the service, as the Roman Catholic worshipper feels that something is being done in the Mass—something in addition to the subjective changes in his own consciousness! It would certainly be good for us to feel that our services *did* something! Were there time, we might pass rapidly in review the constituent parts of our services—the hymns, for example, noting the sad degeneration in so many places now from Charles Wesley's idea of a hymn as an ecstatic announcement of supernatural good news, to the hymns of social interest and nature worship so lamentably popular today.

So we might consider the Scripture reading, surely a truly sacramental note of our services, and demanding an awestricken care and the bending of all the preacher's faculties in its delivery—for me, in their varying ways, Dr. Ritson and Luke Wiseman have long ranked supreme in this art; the prayers, noting the growing liturgical tendency among us, but surely ever making room for the truly extempore mood, and seeking to follow the Holy Spirit's momentary inspiration. We should consider the tragic break in the atmosphere of our service, caused by the notices and collection, observing how many of the congregation seem to consider this a sort of 'half-time' for gentle conversation and comment, and considering also the unworthy nature of so many of the announcements; and when we come to consider the sermon in the light of our worship, we should remember how it must breathe awe, joy, and thanksgiving to God, how it must announce the *good news*: not so much a statement of what man must do for God (though such sermons will have their place) as a glad declaration of what God has done for man. We shall remember the timely declaration of the Christian drama at appropriate times of the year; Christ's coming, His temptation, His life of holiness and service, His passion, death,

Resurrection; the marvel of the Trinity. There would be time, surely, too, for instruction in the parts of the service and the institutions of the Church, such as the Communion Service.

We must raise the standard of our worship. Then, as Paul promises, the heathen will acknowledge that God is in our midst, and themselves be touched. 'Jolly services', little talks of the Samuel Smiles type, or 'pep talks' will never do this. We deal in the oracles of God. And when these things are done and felt and proclaimed, the children who grow up in our midst will find a vital meaning steadily growing upon them (for children assuredly understand much more than some child-experts give them credit for!).

So we may think of true worship as a fellowship of praying souls, joined in the greater fellowship of the past and present (and, for all I know, future), held in essential contact with the high and holy; not forgetting their social task as servants of this Living God. The thing will have a two-way course—as we worship, a new strength and purpose to take our opportunities will lead us to live the better; and when we have so lived, we shall return with something more of the excellent power revealed, and thus with something more to worship for. So, between accomplishment and aspiration springing from the Vision of God, between the Mount and multitude, we shall live our happy days.

'Tis worth living for, this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.

My remnant of days
I spend in His praise
Who died the whole world to redeem;
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they are all devoted to Him.

There is the true spirit of worship. May our Church find it, live as the 'Church of pardon'd sinners, exulting in their Saviour'! Many are the trials of those who exult, who rejoice, who worship; but to lose the upholding sense of God in any darkness, is not among them.

FRANK H. CUMBERS

Recent Literature

Christian Apologetics, by Alan Richardson. (S.C.M., 10s. 6d.)

There is no doubt about the need which Canon Richardson seeks to meet in this book; he meets that need to a remarkable degree. Three tasks occupy the mind of every thoughtful Christian as he considers the Christian faith: he seeks to apprehend its meaning more fully, to understand the relationship between the Christian faith and other kinds of knowledge, and to communicate the faith to others. Christian Apologetics is the name for the second of these tasks, but in dealing with that theme Canon Richardson does not a little to help us with the other two. This book asks all the most important questions suggested by its title. Perhaps no reader will consider that it offers all the right answers, but none will doubt that all its answers are illuminating and provocative. It would be easy to fasten on points upon which the reviewer would at least desire further discussion. For example, the treatment of miracle, which follows that of the writer's earlier book, *The Miracle-stories of the Gospels*, does not seem wholly satisfying and some readers will think that Canon Richardson dismisses too abruptly all 'immediate apprehension' of God (p. 244). Again, perhaps he differs less than he appears to believe from Brunner's conception of the effect of sin upon human reason as shown in *Revelation and Reason*. It is more important, however, to draw attention to masterly discussions of the faith-element in scientific—indeed, in all—human knowledge, of the meaning of the often carelessly used word 'ideology', and of the nature of the inspiration and authority of the Bible. On all these, as on many other subjects, the author's discussion is very relevant to the contemporary situation, as well as of permanent importance. To adopt the prevailing bad habit of labelling theologians, one would undoubtedly describe this work as that of a 'neo-Augustinian'. The familiar quotation containing the words 'believe in order to understand', which appears on the title page, is the thread that holds the separate chapters together. 'Man comes to the knowledge of the truth, not by the untrammeled exercise of his reasoning powers, but by accepting or being given the faith which enables him to use his reason aright; reason cannot work until it makes an act of faith, and it does not work correctly—that is, rationally—unless it makes the right act of faith. . . .' As the writer expounds this central truth he lights up a great many well-worn paths. Every Christian apologist will derive profit from this book, and, to quote a secular paper, it may well prove that 'many people will find it an authentic turning point in their intellectual life'.

FREDERIC GREEVES

The Concept of Dread, by Søren Kierkegaard. Translated by Walter Lowrie. (Oxford, 10s. 6d.)

Works of Love, by Søren Kierkegaard. Translated by David F. Swenson and Lilian Marvin Swenson. (Oxford, 21s.)

Kierkegaard has certainly come into his own. Three generations elapsed before he was discovered by English and American thought. Today, his position is firmly established. In spite of the fact that the translators of these and other books have performed their task with consummate skill, no one would be bold enough to claim that Kierkegaard is easy reading. And yet it is not difficult to see why his voice should be gladly heard in these dark years. He dared to face the irrational forces which today hold the world in thrall and yet, as it has been said, he remained sane. He looked

into his own inmost being and recognized unflinchingly his doubts, his conflicts and above all his sin. He is the apostle of an inward freedom which can only be achieved by the utter dependence of the creature upon God. He recalls us to dogma and faith —away from a barren moralism to a recognition of our true dimension as beings who stand in an inalienable relation to the absolute claims of God. Kierkegaard himself described 'The Concept of Dread' as a 'psychological deliberation'. Yet for him it is in a very different category from the kind of psychological analysis which has become so familiar in recent years. He is specially concerned with the dogmatic problem of original sin in the light of the knowledge which he has gained, through struggle and pain, of his own self. For the understanding of the doctrine of original sin, the concept of dread, he holds, is essential. Two years before this book was written, he had said: 'Dread is an alien power which lays hold of an individual and yet one cannot tear oneself away nor has a will to do so . . . for one fears, and what one fears one desires. Dread makes the individual impotent and the first sin always occurs in impotence.' This volume describes Kierkegaard's progress from the dread of evil and good to faith. So soon, he concludes, as psychology has finished with dread, it hands it over to dogmatics. If psychology is the science of the subjective spirit, it must 'change suddenly into the doctrine of the Absolute Spirit, when it comes to the problem of sin'. In *Works of Love* we pass from an intimate confession of the soul's sickness to a consideration of the relation of the individual to his fellow men. Here Kierkegaard is not concerned with the contemporary scene. His aim, rather, is to deduce Christian moral principles from the nature of the Christian message. The absolute end for a Christian is an inward unconditional obedience to God, and Kierkegaard seeks to lay bare what is involved in such obedience if we are to put into practice the great commandment: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' Neighbour-love is not optional, nor is it a matter of conforming to the demands of the racial or cultural group to which one may belong. It is a command laid upon us by God. It is issued, not to mankind in general, but to the individual. Further, the fulfilment of the command is in the intention of the individual and not in the physical means of fulfilment. The quality of neighbour-love is determined by its source in the love of God. This kind of love cannot be adequately expressed in ethical categories. Kierkegaard knows full well that that man cannot bridge the gulf between duty and performance. It is only when we stand committed in an absolute relationship to God and God alone, that we draw strength to love our neighbour in the light of our love for Him, who Himself 'held nothing back but gave everything in love'. While the limitations and perils of Kierkegaard's thought should not be minimized, it is more important that we should pay heed to his penetrating religious insight and to his affirmation of a faith that overcomes the world.

HAROLD ROBERTS

Christ et le Temps, by Oscar Cullmann. (Delachaux et Niestlé, Neuchâtel, Swiss francs 7.50.)

La Condition du Philosophe Chrétien, by Roger Mehl. (Delachaux et Niestlé, Neuchâtel, Swiss francs 8.00.)

These volumes have appeared in a new series of theological works (*Actualité Protestante*). They witness to the vitality of Swiss and French-speaking theology, reinvigorated by Barthianism. Dr. Cullmann is a professor at Basle and Strasburg. *Christ and Time* is a study of the conceptions of time and history in primitive Christianity, well documented and indexed. In Christian theology, says Dr. Cullmann, the divine 'economy', or plan of salvation, is Biblical, bound to a continuous succession of temporal events. A useful discussion of terminology is given: *kairos* denoting a

determinate moment, a 'D-Day,' and *aiōn* signifying duration, a space of time, but not, in the New Testament, bearing the Platonic connotation of infinity. For Biblical Judaism and Parsism the symbolical expression of time is an ascending line, whereas for Hellenism it is the circle. Hence the importance of history for Christianity, and its rejection in gnosticism. Even eternity was not seen by the early Christians to be absence of time, as by Plato, but as everlasting time. The difference that Christ made, is that the centre of time is now no longer to be seen in the future, but in the past, in the classical period of the Incarnation. Adventism is really Judaism, ever awaiting the climax of history. For the Christian the climax came in Christ; the date and manner of the second advent are of secondary importance. The final result is assured, for the decisive battle has already been won on the Cross. One might compare this view with Aulen's *Christus Victor*—that Christ reigns already, in the Church, which will give way to the Kingdom of God, when the final victory is gained. Concluding chapters deal with Christian universalism, individual election, and the future life. The suggestion is made that those who die in Christ, before the final Judgement, dwell in an intermediary state, less precise than Purgatory, where the tension between present and future subsists.

M. Mehl is a lecturer at Strasburg. *The Condition of the Christian Philosopher* is determined by the fact that he cannot be content to verify the rationality of his work, but that he must always try to find in what way the contents of his philosophy can be made intelligible by Biblical revelation. His is the problem of the relationship of reason and Nature to faith and grace. M. Mehl affirms that while all Nature has been created for and longs after Christ, yet 'nothing in Nature speaks of Jesus Christ, nor announces Him; neither does anything lead us to Him'. M. Mehl holds that there is both conflict and collaboration between philosophy and Christianity. If compromise is attempted, then an autonomous philosophy is given the right to exist. It is not even sufficient to 'subalternate' philosophy to theology, in the manner of some Thomists, if that leaves intact the autonomous foundation of philosophy. Faith and reason cannot be coupled as two different modes of knowledge; faith is falsified if it is opposed to reason; faith penetrates and transforms reason. Similarly, grace does not add to Nature; it is not a supplementary ornament; grace restores and transforms Nature. Therefore, no truth is self-sufficient apart from revelation. With these convictions, M. Mehl discusses metaphysical experience and Christian dogmatics, the knowledge of revelation, and the necessity for a renewal of the mind. The Christian philosopher must submit to the Word of God, accept the Judgement of God, which means being placed in His light. Yet Christian philosophy must seek rationality and intelligibility. Philosophy does not treat directly of Christ, but it does place man in a universe whose dimensions are given by Jesus Christ.

G. PARRINDER

Le Dieu qui vient, by Georges Pidoux. (Swiss francs 2.75.)

L'argent dans la communauté de l'Église, by Hébert Roux. (Swiss francs 2.50.)

(*Cahiers Théologiques de l'Actualité Protestante*, Nos. 17 and 18, Delachaux et Niestlé, Neuchâtel.)

These two monographs belong to a series of essays which are the product of the new vigour of Continental Protestantism, and illustrate its quickened interest in the living Word of God for these days of crisis and dilemma. The first is a careful Old Testament study of *The God Who Comes* into this world. He is the God who has come and who will come, and the Church is in between these two divine events. The Old Testament is the story of God's interventions on behalf of Israel, with the rescue from Egypt as the first great saving act, and His dramatic intervention at the end of time

RECENT LITERATURE

as the final event of weal and woe toward which all creation moves. The effect of all this is to infuse all history with a supreme and incomparable urgency. M. Pidoux points out the essential message of the Word of God in the 'Here and Now' of God's saving grace for sinners and unswerving condemnation of sin. This is a most excellent study, all the more because it shows that a Theology of Crisis can arise out of a critical study of the Bible without being at all obscurantist.

The second monograph deals with the attitude of the Church to money. The major difficulty arises from the fact that money itself is an invention of man in a way that, say, sex life is not, and from this there arises its tendency in a special degree to become a god. Ought the Church considered ideally, to hold property? How ought its property to be administered? Should semi-pagans be forced to contribute to the upkeep of the Church, as in some State Churches? How is the ministry to be supported? This pamphlet seeks to answer these and kindred questions.

N. H. SNAITH

Morals and the New Theology, by H. D. Lewis. (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)

The New Theology, the downright revelationism of such writers as Barth, Brunner, and Niebuhr, has been commended as a 'preacher's religion'. Mr. Lewis, being a teacher of philosophy, replaces the test of rhetoric with that of truth. He deplores the gulf which those theologians have dug between themselves and the philosophers. The latter, with a deep respect for the moral insight of man, have laboured at ethics. The former, ignoring this labour, roundly declare that moral light must be drawn wholly from revelation, whether this agrees with conscience or no, on the ground that conscience itself is involved in our general depravity, so that none of us can do anything for himself or for the misery of the world, but must throw himself into the hands of the awful, utterly transcendent God. Mr. Lewis is shocked. He thinks that irrationalism is untrue, that the repudiation of all self-reliance is immoral, and that the extinction of natural hope, the consecration of pessimism, the solemn vilification of man as man, by religious dogma, are just what we do not need in these days. He fears that reactionaries, playing on the sub-rational and non-moral emotions, will bring a nemesis on the Christian cause. I myself suspect that the effort to be profound is obscuring the need to be sensible. Mr. Lewis's main message is that we must now make a conscious choice between a theology that rests on a determinism of sin and one that leaves individual responsibility unimpaired. He stands firmly for the latter. He cannot find either logical meaning in, or empirical evidence for, the idea of a general wickedness that is not the sum of the avoidable and accountable wickedness of individuals. All that we can rightly lash ourselves for is the misuse of responsible freedom, not for the errors that arise from our finitude or for any supposed original corruption in the making of which we have had no part. When we refer the present world-tragedy to a 'demonic principle' or a 'satanic force' we only run away from our moral duty, and open wide the gates to a recrudescence of superstition. Very suitably, Mr. Lewis quotes on his title-page the saying of Erasmus, 'hating Pelagius overmuch'. Perhaps he should have said what can be reasonably said about the doctrine of grace, but he is making a protest, and a timely one. But even in his protest he respects the burning sincerity of the new traditionalists, and admits that the liberal theologians have spread vagueness, shrunk from recognizing the starkness and bigness of sin, conceded too much to evolutionism and psycho-analysis, and sponsored a cheap optimism. As a controversialist, he is unusually fair. As a writer, he is lucid even in his most closely reasoned passages, with a prose that is repeatedly

touched with the distinction that comes from a delicate sensibility. As a Christian philosopher, he is deeply concerned about the integrity of the great message, and about his bewildered fellows that need it. He has written a brave, beautiful, and searching book.

T. E. JESSOP

The Date of Ezra's Coming to Jerusalem, by J. Stafford Wright. (Tyndale Press, 2s. 6d.)
Studier over Esras og Nehemias Historie, by Egon Johannesen. (G. E. C. Gads Forlag, Copenhagen. English price 15s. 6d.)

As they stand in our Bible, the books of *Ezra* and *Nehemiah* present as many textual, literary, and historical problems as any part of Scripture of comparable length. Many of these problems seem to be disposed of by the brilliantly simple suggestion that Nehemiah lived in the reign of Artaxerxes I, and Ezra in that of the second king of that name. Of recent years this reversal of the Biblical order has almost come to be taken for granted by many scholars; but in both the above books it is criticized. The first (the Tyndale Old Testament Lecture for 1946) is a pamphlet of some thirty pages, dealing, as its title suggests, simply with the problem of Ezra's date. The author contends that it is unlikely on general grounds that the Chronicler, writing tolerably soon after the events which he describes, should have committed so serious a blunder, and that the specific arguments adduced for the priority of Nehemiah can be rebutted. According to his reconstruction, Ezra is the discredited leader who, having himself failed to carry through the rebuilding of the wall of Jerusalem, had perforce to remain in the background till he was called in by Nehemiah for the ceremonial reading of the Law and the dedication of the wall. The statement of the problem is admirably lucid; and within his self-imposed limits the author has given an admirable discussion. The second work is more comprehensive and technical. Written as a prize essay when the author was still an undergraduate in his early twenties, it was published as a memorial to him after he had been shot by Nazi terrorists. It is impossible in a short review to do anything like justice to this erudite and meticulous study. In a field where imagination has sometimes been allowed a freedom amounting almost to licence, the problems are re-examined with cautious and painstaking thoroughness. Particularly valuable is the treatment of the textual problem, which leads to a vindication of the Massoretic text. Johannesen is by no means so forthright as Mr. Wright in his contention that Ezra preceded Nehemiah; but he, too, argues that it is improbable that the Chronicler could have made the error attributed to him. The monograph was written before the appearance of the important study by the Norwegian Kapelrud, of which, in consequence, no account is taken. But as it stands the book is an eloquent testimony to the phenomenal learning of its author, and a veritable guide for the perplexed in the subject of which it treats.

G. W. ANDERSON

Letters to Young Churches, translated by J. B. Phillips. (Geoffrey Bles, 10s. 6d.)
The 'Good News', translated by H. F. Wickings. (Lutterworth Press, 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Phillips's translation of the Epistles of the New Testament seeks to do for this generation what Mr. A. S. Way's paraphrase of the 'letters of Paul and Hebrews' did for the last. While other translations have appeared in the interval, there is room for this new and very readable version. For instance, it is less academic in approach than Moffatt's, and freer from occasional infelicities of style. The present reviewer would have gone farther than Mr. Phillips in the attempt to avoid such words as

'propitiation'—with its misleading suggestions of appeasement—and 'righteousness', but in many passages which have become almost as unintelligible to the average modern man as classical music or the higher mathematics, Mr. Phillips has succeeded admirably. Even the last part of Colossians 2 is as readable as the daily paper! Of course, he has missed opportunities here and there. It is a pity that he has not given us 'title-deeds to' for 'full confidence in' in Hebrews 11¹. He fails to bring out Paul's play upon the name 'Epaphroditus' in Philippians 2²⁰, ('and it was a lucky throw' would have done it, if 'staked his life' had preceded it). Is not 'divinity' rather than 'Deity' the proper translation in Romans 1²⁰, and are such colloquialisms as 'made no bones about' in place in contexts like Romans 1²²? The weakest feature in what is, on the whole, a fine contribution to the intelligent reading of the New Testament is to be found in the short introductions to the Epistles. To say, for instance, that 'many scholars' think that 2 Corinthians 10–13 should go along with 2 Corinthians 6¹⁴–7¹, in the lost letter referred to by Paul in 1 Corinthians 5⁹ is wildly inaccurate. Other notable examples may be found under the Pastoral Epistles and the first Epistle of John. We suggest a re-editing of these introductions before a second edition is called for. They should either be amplified a little or dropped altogether.

An interesting feature of *The 'Good News', the Story of Christ Jesus*, is that it is a 'harmony' (in a modern translation and with explanatory notes), taken from the Four Gospels and the Acts, which was used during 1943–5 in a Japanese internment camp. It is both intelligible and readable. Whether the author is right in saying that 'the Fourth Gospel mentions several visits to Jerusalem . . . and this framework is all that exists upon which to base the Ministry' may well be questioned. If Mr. Wickings has not quite succeeded in what may well be an impossible task, he is to be praised for making the attempt. If he had been able to avail himself of Dr. C. H. Dodd's rearrangement of Mark and Dr. T. W. Manson's reconstructed Q, he might have succeeded better, but, if the book was composed as well as used in a Japanese internment camp, such criticism is clearly unfair. Mr. Wickings reads many things into the text which are not there, e.g. that Jairus had 'to pocket his pride, and go, as it were, cap in hand, to crave our Lord's assistance', but then any imaginative commentator must do that. We can well believe that this attractive little book 'proved helpful' in an internment camp; it will do so elsewhere, and is to be highly commended. Whether this latest Gospel harmony is likely to be more satisfactory to the historian than others is another question.

J. ALEXANDER FINDLAY

Die Römisch-Katholische Kirche (An Introduction and a Collection of Sources), by Kurt Guggisberg. (Zwingli Verlag, Zurich. Franks 15.50.)

In these days the ecumenical conversations between the Protestant Churches have made many men of goodwill turn wistfully toward the deepest of all Christian divisions, that separating the Protestant Churches from that of Rome. Is it possible that the Great Divide is really the Great Misunderstanding? Must this deep cleavage remain an open wound in the Body of Christ's Church during the remainder of her earthly pilgrimage, the costly reminder of Divine judgement upon the sin of the Israel of God. The answer to these questions cannot begin to appear until a whole welter of misconceptions and prejudices have been cleared away, and until a genuine conversation is set up in which Protestant and Catholic theologians begin to speak with rather than talk past one another (as they have invariably done since 1541). Dr. Kurt Guggisberg of the University of Berne has recognized the great importance of this issue and has prepared a collection of authoritative citations from Roman Catholic authorities, which he has translated into German. For the earlier documents English

students could, of course, turn to the original texts in Denzinger-Bannwart or Mirbt's collections, but Dr. Guggisberg has added at many points quotations from eminent Roman theologians of the later centuries, and theological students who wish to expound the Roman position fairly will find his book of great service. Further, Dr. Guggisberg provides an introduction of some 150 pages of commentary on his texts, comparing Protestant with Catholic teaching and elucidating difficulties. Both Introduction and Documents fall into three parts: The Nature and Constitution of the Church (beginning with the important relations between Scripture and tradition); Dogma, Sacraments, and Worship; The Church in the World (including Church and State and the 'battle for the purity of the Church').

GORDON RUPP

Studies in the Making of the English Protestant Tradition, by E. G. Rupp. (Cambridge, 8s. 6d.)

It is enheartening to come upon a book of sound scholarship which proclaims without diffidence that the English Reformation was spiritually necessary and the Reformers men of whose company we should be proud. Mr. Rupp throws down the gage in his first sentence: 'The English Reformation is not wholly to be explained in terms of that conspiracy by which a lustful monarch and predatory gentry combined to plunder the Church and rend the unity of Christendom.' Many may wish that no such champion had arisen, for we have become so imbued with veneration for Sir Thomas More since his canonization, and heard so much of the ills done to the poor monks, that it seems scarcely possible that a serious historical study could do anything but throw more garbage at Henry VIII and his ministers. But Mr. Rupp—without reverting to any anti-Puseyite tactics or pro-Kensitite fanaticism—marshals evidence concerning the Reformers and their faith which shows them to have been men with faults, indeed, but also men with vision and willingness to pay the supreme price for their convictions. The book is true to its title: it is rather a series of separate studies than a full-length and close-knit history. There are nine essays, grouped loosely into three parts. The first deals with some of the less-well-known men of 'the secret multitude of true professors', and in particular the young men at Cambridge who began to hazard new opinions while Wolsey was still firmly in power. What Mr. Rupp has given us will be most appreciated by readers who have some little acquaintance with the times and their problems, but his pages are so studded with sentences that sparkle that an undergraduate would find some of his quips irresistible. While he writes with a secure hold upon facts, he has a puckish humour, as when he speaks of Bishop William Barlow's 'supreme but involuntary achievement of becoming father-in-law to half the episcopal bench'. His predilection for allusion may sometimes look like flippancy, but he is far from being flippant in disposition and intention. There is something almost Chestertonian in such phrases as these: 'In the high matter of the sacrament of the altar new Anabaptist was but old Lollard writ Dutch', and 'It sometimes appears that in exalting the middle way the English Church has elevated confusion of thought to the level of a theological virtue.' The essay on 'Henry VIII and the German Protestants', since it covers a field not yet well approached, is especially valuable, and so is that on 'Justification by Faith and the English Reformers'. The book stimulates interest in men who 'are part of a pattern wider than Cambridge or the English Church'. One may just note that Garrard (p. 21) went south-west to Bristol from Oxford, and that Latimer (p. 139) would not chafe to be back at Kingston because he was, in 1537, Bishop of Worcester and anxious to visit his diocese.

HAROLD S. DARBY

RECENT LITERATURE

- Behind that Wall; An Introduction to Some Classics of the Interior Life*, by E. Allison Peers. (S.C.M., 6s.)
- The Earliest Little Gidding Concordance*, by C. Leslie Craig. (*Harvard Library Bulletin*, Vol. I, No. 3.)
- Studies in Religious Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*, by W. L. Doughty. (Epworth Press, 7s. 6d.)
- A Plain Account of Christian Experience*, by Donald S. Ching. (Epworth Press, 3s.)
- Golden Chains*, by H. Mortimer Sinfield. (Epworth Press, 5s.)

Most of the essays in Professor Peers' book have been broadcast, either in England or in Latin America. The quaint title is from Canticles 2^o: 'Behold my beloved, he standeth behind our wall.' The catholic selection of writers ranges from St. Augustine and St. Bernard to Henry Vaughan and Thomas Traherne. The book of St. Augustine's that is chosen is (rather surprisingly) *The City of God*, where one would rather have expected the *Confessions*, or perhaps the *Soliloquies*. The inclusion of Ramon Lull is welcome, though we confess that *The Book of the Lover and the Beloved* does not appeal to us nearly so much as some other devotional classics. Professor Peers is a great authority on the language and literature of Spain, and he is specially on his own ground when he writes of those amazing saints of the Peninsula, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, and St. Peter of Alcantara. It is not accurate to say that St. Augustine founded the Augustinian Order. The book deserves warm commendation.

Many readers of *John Inglesant* must have developed an interest in Nicholas Ferrar and the community at Little Gidding. Mr. Leslie Craig's brochure will charm them. It is a piece of minute and fascinating research, with a romantic origin. A quotation from George Herbert in a sermon started a friendship between Mr. Craig and a Congregationalist layman, who had discovered this long-lost Concordance years before. He died shortly afterwards, and it was left to Mr. Craig to establish its authenticity and describe it in this fine piece of work.

Mr. Doughty's is an admirable book on a very interesting subject. The 'metaphysical poets' of the seventeenth century, as they used to be called, form an intriguing episode in our literature. They always remind me of the baroque in architecture, for their verse is elaborate, involved, and often contorted and grotesque, and yet on occasion it can be supremely beautiful. There is nothing finer in English poetry than some of Crashaw's lovely stanzas; there is nothing more perverse than some of Quarles's frantic metaphors and acrobatic inversions. Almost the only criticism I have to offer on Mr. Doughty's book is that he has omitted Donne from his list, for Donne was one of the greatest of the school, and the scattered references to him in the book are enough to show that if an essay had been devoted to him it would have been a discerning study. I heartily agree with Mr. Doughty, by the way, in his judgement that Sir John Davies has never had his fair meed of appreciation, and the belated praise that he receives in these pages is welcome. Mr. Doughty writes excellent English, and he has a real gift for appreciative criticism. His book is very welcome.

Mr. Ching's little book opens with a clear account of what religious experience is. Then there is a useful chapter dealing with the very widespread assumption that its reality has been somehow discredited by psychology, and another chapter, not quite so adequate, inquiring whether it is mystical. Then its essential elements are defined as vision, repentance, faith, assurance, communion, and community. Most of what Mr. Ching has to say is relevant and suggestive, though there is a confusing passage under 'faith', and there seems to be nothing which really faces the significance of such a text as 2 Corinthians 5²¹. The Christian experience should be vitally related to the redeeming death of our Lord. Apart from this omission, this is a very satisfactory and useful study.

Mr. Sinfield's book, which has a Foreword by Hugh Redwood, is a capital little volume about prayer. It is simple and straightforward, and its wealth of quoted incident would alone make it well worth reading and keeping. Perhaps in the section on methods of prayer there is a danger of over-much formalizing. There are one or two slips, e.g. William Booth was never a *Wesleyan* Minister, and the name of the Sadhu Sundar Singh is incorrectly given. But this book will do good to every reader.

HENRY BETT

And Here a Rainbow, by Leslie F. Church. (Epworth Press, 7s. 6d.)

He Shall Suffice Me, by Eric W. Baker. (Epworth Press, 6s.)

The Creed of a Christian, by Wm. M. F. Scott and H. Watkin-Jones. (Epworth Press, 3s. 6d.)

God be in my Head, by John C. Ballantyne. (Lindsey Press, 1s.)

Consider the Lilies, by Charles M. Kelly. (Lindsey Press, 6d.)

Of these five books the first is sure of a welcome from the readers of this magazine, coming as it does from the pen of our editor. In these strangely troubled days few men have seen more of the clouds which are covering the world and perplexing the Christian Church than has Dr. Church, but here and there he has also seen a rainbow of promise, and in twelve chapters he tells us something of his own experience of sunshine and of storm in places so far apart as Bethlehem, Baghdad, and Birmingham. His heart 'leaps up when he beholds the rainbow in the sky', and his readers too will find their confidence and hope increased as they share the vision enshrined within the pages of this book.

The title of the second book, *He Shall Suffice Me*, is taken from the first of fourteen sermons preached by Dr. Eric Baker during his ministry at Bowes Park. We are thankful that these sermons have now become the permanent possession, not only of the congregation at Bowes Park, but also of a very much wider circle of readers. They are all so good that there is very little to choose between them. The sermon on 'The Sin of Jealousy' is heart-searching and original, but the same is true of all the others. They will be found most helpful for devotional reading, as well as full of suggestions for those who, in these difficult days, are called to preach the glad news of Him who will 'suffice' us all.

The Creed of a Christian has been published to meet a widespread request. It contains a series of six broadcast talks. Mr. Scott, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Liverpool, gave the first three 'talks' and Dr. Watkin-Jones the others, but anyone who did not know the two writers' Churches could not tell which are by an Anglican and which by a Methodist. Mr. Eric Saxon of the B.B.C. rightly calls this small volume 'a very useful handbook of Christian doctrine'. Its value is increased by an Appendix containing 'questions submitted to groups for discussion'.

The two remaining books are both from the series of 'Unitarian' pamphlets on 'The Religious Life' of which Dr. G. S. Spinks is the editor. *Consider the Lilies* will appeal specially to readers interested in the amazing facts concerning the numberless forms of life upon our planet. The author teaches us to put our trust in the underlying principle of the Love of God for all His creatures, great and small, and especially for man. *God be in my Head* was first published sixteen years ago, when, in an impressive 'Foreword', Professor Raven, then Canon of Liverpool, spoke of the author as 'one of the most active and best-loved men on Merseyside', with 'a message supremely relevant to these critical times'. This message tells about God in 'our Understanding, Seeing, Speech, Thought, Feeling, and at the End'. It is even more relevant in 1948 than in 1932.

THOS. H. BARRATT

The Way, by E. Stanley Jones. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

In his Preface, Mr. Stanley Jones says that today life is 'without guidance, because it is without goal', but 'there is one bright spot—the Christian Way'. His purpose is to try 'to put our feet upon the Way. . . . I try to tell *how*.' His writing is neither dogmatic nor argumentative—he calls it 'an adventure, not an argument'. It tells of experimental religion and there is a glowing assurance of tested experience behind it. Mr. Jones showed it to a young and highly qualified industrial scientist, who returned it with the comment: 'A very useful book. It answers a lot of questions I don't venture to ask.' But those who do venture to ask them will find here a sane attempt to answer them quite definitely and specifically. The outlook is entirely positive and constructive, the writing fresh and unconventional, especially in the prayers. To many it will be a great help, though it may not appeal to every temperament. Mr. Jones rightly claims that the Christian way is the one way alike in personal, national, and international life. Here is one of his 'Affirmations for the day': 'Never think, "I will treat him as he treated me. I will pay the man back for what he did"' (Proverbs 24²⁰, Moffatt). God thinks grace—so shall I.'

C. LESTER JOHNSON

A Book of Family Worship. (Epworth Press, 5s.)

Heart speaks to Heart: a Book for the Quiet Hour, by Francis B. James. (Epworth Press, 5s.)

In order to revive worship in the home, which is an essential part of the religious life, the Methodist Conference directed that a book of prayers should be compiled for the guidance of the head of the family in its daily worship and for purposes of private devotion in the home. The result is now before us and we are greatly indebted to those who have been responsible for its preparation. The Lectionary has been compiled and two appropriate Methodist hymns chosen for each day by the Rev. J. Brazier Green. Mr. Duncan Coomer has selected prayers, and the Introduction is from the pen of the late Rev. William Potter. Seven collects from the Book of Common Prayer are provided—one for use on each day of the week. Three or four prayers follow, including one for morning and one for evening, and there are psalms and readings for Sunday worship and prayers for special seasons of the year. There are also prayers for special events in the family, including 'On Setting up a New Home', 'A Birth', 'On One Leaving the Home', 'A Wedding in the Home', prayers for times of sickness and death, and prayers for very young children. May the reviewer say quite frankly that he has used this book for nearly three months and has found it a source of blessing and refreshment? Reading the hymns has quite surprising value if only for the discovery of hymns which have been neglected. Some who are not familiar with the liturgy may perhaps find the language of some of the prayers lacking in spontaneity and simplicity, but this is inevitable when all the Christian centuries have been laid under contribution, and, of course, extempore prayer may find its place. This well-produced book makes a new contribution to the personal and family devotions of our Church life and it may well find a place along with the Bible and the Hymn-book in any Methodist home.

One of the distinctions of Mr. James's book is the wide range of literary reference which lightens the page and gives a new context to many familiar words. Newman's *Cor ad cor loquitur* suggests the title. A text is chosen for each meditation, and is followed by quotations from the Hymn-book, William Law, St. Francis de Sales, the Lady Julian of Norwich, and our English poets. But this volume is no mere anthology. The heart of the book is an exposition of Scripture which is clear, practical, and relevant today. Some of the phrases, minted from the crucible of war, are no less

words of power in a time of uneasy peace. The titles of the chapters are striking—e.g. 'Out of the West', 'Dry Duty', 'The Middle Years', 'Brother Body', 'The Long Last Mile'. Of the Doorkeeper it might have been remarked that the Psalmist knew what it was to live in a tent. But all these meditations and the prayers with which each section fittingly concludes, lead the reader into the secret place of the Most High.

S. G. DIMOND

Evangelism and Education, by T. E. Jessop. (S.C.M., 6s.)

This book attempts to deal with the presentation of religion to that large section of our people who have had no proper religious instruction as children. It is a first-aid manual to the nation until the Education Act, 1944, comes into force and provides every child with sound religious instruction. We are reminded again that the problem was raised during the war, when a very large proportion of our conscripts were found to be totally lacking in any clear idea of what religion means. The Army authorities tackled this problem, as they tackled the whole problem of bad education, with new methods and enterprise. It is the author's contention that these new methods ought to be applied generally. He describes the Padre's Hour in the Army and the Moral Leadership Course in the R.A.F. Two very useful chapters deal with the nature and context of adult religious education. The chapter on methods adds very little to what the average minister knows and attempts in some form or another. One cannot help feeling that too much has been said and written on the virtues of the discussion group. In the last chapter of his book, Professor Jessop wisely pleads that this important work should be done in local groups until the need for a national organization is admitted. 'The surest way of bringing the necessary organization into being is to put the field work in hand.' None the less, he is sure that the need for adult religious education demands a national and interdenominational organization. The three appendixes deal respectively with syllabuses used in the Forces, sample talks, and types of classes. While Professor Jessop's plea will find much support, he has room for little more than random suggestions. Within the severe limits of its small size, however, the book does succeed in presenting the case for adult religious education, in recording some successful experiments, and in suggesting ways in which the results of these experiments can be used for future work.

E. H. ROBERTSON

Sublimation, by J. Trevor Davies. (Allen and Unwin, 6s.)

The Road to Maturity, by Edward F. Griffith. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

Popular misunderstanding and misuse of technical psychological terms is notorious; and probably no word has been more carelessly bandied about than 'sublimation'. In this book the idea behind this word is thoroughly and competently examined. Dr. Davies clearly knows his subject. He moves with confidence and ease amongst the classical psychological works, quoting them with aptness and discrimination. He begins by summarizing critically what they have to say about sublimation, and then draws out and elucidates, with irresistible logic, the conclusions to which his own researches have brought him. The whole argument proceeds in a clear, flowing style which never hesitates or falters. Sublimation arises from the necessity to provide substitutive activities as outlets for instinctive energy whose direct expression would be socially undesirable. In fact, there are six ways of dealing with this fund of energy which resides in the personality—Free Expression, Inhibition, Repression, Perversion, Deflection and Sublimation. Only the last is fully satisfying where the first is not

permissible. Dr. Davies rejects the Freudian theory that the origin of this energy is wholly sexual, and prefers to hold with Jung that it is primarily the undifferentiated drive of life itself, a motive power which is capable of being 'directed away from its merely animal or instinctive expression into some form of higher and specifically human activity'. Again, rejecting the Freudian fallacy that raw instinct can of itself raise itself to something higher, he contends that sublimation is a response to a pull from the front, and not to a push from behind. This requires the existence of moral values; and also of 'an abiding self, which is not simply a bundle of reflexes, nor merely a centre of conflicting impulses, nor yet again something which is merely reducible to its mental states and processes'. From this point the writer moves to the question, 'What is the end to which sublimation is directed?' and unhesitatingly answers: 'It is only because of the reality and the objectivity of moral values that the self is able to change its direction and achieve harmony and equilibrium in place of the preceding conflict. And this leads us back to God, and the necessary operation of His grace to bring about the change we know as conversion.' Although conversion is dependent on the process of sublimation, it is 'a deeper and more intense experience'. Dr. Davies also deals with a number of subsidiary subjects, e.g. the criteria governing effective sublimation. His book is a very valuable contribution to a subject of the highest importance in Christian psychology.

The second book is a welcome reprint. The author is a medical man who for ten years has specialized in sex teaching in schools. He summons to his aid eleven collaborators (including the Bishop of Bristol, Professor Julian Huxley, and Mr. Hugh Lyon, the retiring Headmaster of Rugby School), who each furnishes a short chapter on some specialized aspect of the general subject. Dr. Griffith limits his book to the sex education of young people in the thirteen to eighteen age group. The treatment is thorough and eminently practical. Specimen syllabuses are provided, lists of questions asked by children are quoted, and talks given to young people are printed at length. In this way the reader is almost taken into the classroom. The needs of all types of schools are considered, and the whole subject is approached from the highest level. A clear distinction is drawn throughout between sex instruction, which by itself is recognized to be inadequate, and sex education, which must, it is asserted, be anchored to the highest spiritual values. In the Introduction Dr. Griffith asserts plainly that 'no improvement in moral behaviour will have any permanent value unless a synthesis is effected between the scientific discoveries in the sphere of sex and the spiritual nature of man'. This is a good book on an urgent subject.

DAVID MACE

The Way of Release, by Ernest White. (Marshall, Morgan and Scott, 5s.)

It is a pleasure to commend a little book written by a member of the City Temple Psychological Clinic Staff, Dr. Ernest White of Harley Street. It is a simple, unpretentious volume, consisting mainly of articles written for *The Life of Faith* under the title 'Souls in Torment'. A few further articles, with an introductory chapter, have been added. Dr. White combines psychological insight and understanding with evangelical Christian faith, and writes simply and helpfully on such subjects as depression, forgiveness, the unpardonable sin, tyrannical thoughts, the right use of the imagination, the power of suggestion, and the building of personality. Those whose troubles lie fairly near the surface of consciousness and who are prepared to try the Christian way of solving them will find much help in this book. Those whose troubles lie deeper will, I hope, feel impelled to consult a Christian medical psychotherapist. One of the most significant facts which emerges in this

volume is the harmony between true religion and scientific psychology. There is something infectious about the author's faith, and I can speak at first hand of his successful treatment of psychological disorders.

LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD

Old Age: Its Compensations and Rewards, by A. L. Vischer. Translated by Bernard Miall. (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

As everybody is growing old, it is remarkable how few books exist dealing with old age. But Dr. Vischer's work will do much to supply the defect. Nearly twenty years as physician in the Old People's Home of the city of Basle have brought home to him the problem of advancing age in all its manifold aspects, and the society of aged people has helped him to understand the changes that occur in their psychic life. He begins with an admirable account of old age from the physical point of view, and here the experience of a medical man like Dr. Vischer will be of special use to the layman. Life, it has been well said, is a gradual dying; but the rate at which our death creeps on varies immensely. In every period of our life something in us dies; but as the periods differ, we need to consult an expert. It is pleasing that Dr. Vischer's general diagnosis is favourable. Old age is nothing to be afraid of. It is simply one part of life; and it has the great advantage over youth that it has more to remember. Nor, as things are now developing, need we imagine that the period will be short. If it is true that Old Parr's hundred years are a myth, there is no reason to imagine that our grandchildren may not outpace Parr; and no longer need men, like Burke, speak of themselves as finished at sixty. In fact, Dr. Vischer speaks of the normal age as a hundred. How are we to spend our extra years? So far, in the years of youth, we have, if we have been wise, learnt our trade, and in senescence we can put our knowledge to use. Thus Tintoretto continued his work after seventy, and Titian after a hundred. In their times they were exceptions, but in later ages—not so very much later—men like them would cause us no surprise. This cheerful book, had it fallen into the hands of the Greeks, would probably have saved many years of life; for, reasonably or otherwise, a Greek, when he felt old age coming on, often, from sheer horror of it, put an end to his own life. Finally, the average age of women is greater than that of men, and it is men's business to catch them up! Lord Amulree contributes a very interesting foreword.

E. E. KELLETT

The Forest of the Dead, by Ernst Wichert. (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)

I have stood beside the roadside graves at Teresenstadt in Czechoslovakia, where lie the ashes of thousands of victims of the Nazi terror. Facing that silent evidence of ruthless tyranny, one tries to envisage the daily lot of those who there suffered imprisonment, knowing themselves doomed to merciless death. In *The Forest of the Dead* Ernst Wichert, poet and novelist, describes the manner of their living and dying. True, it is not of Teresenstadt he writes, but of a camp on German soil no whit less notorious—Buchenwald. He had protested against the arrest of Pastor Niemöller. The response of Nazi authority was immediate. His quiet home was ransacked for incriminating evidence, and he himself was seized by S.S. guards for 'outspoken emphasis in opposition to the State and the Party'. Wichert attributes to a prisoner whom he calls 'Johannes' what he himself felt, shared, and suffered. 'I have recorded ... what my soul has seen.' Here, then, is a first-hand report of interrogations by the Gestapo, of the incredible brutalities in a concentration camp, of desperate clinging to God, who seemed to have forsaken His world, and of comradesly succour

by fellow victims. Wichert's account of 'This reality, which has not had its like in centuries, perhaps never', should be read by teachers and preachers. We *must* know the measure of the guilt of our generation, the sinfulness of its sin. The camp physician who threw stones at his patients to drive them away; the flogging of men lashed to a block of wood; the thirteen hours daily of crushing manual work 'in which it was forbidden to straighten up or take a breath, under a cruel sun with temperatures up to 95 degrees'; the hunting down and killing of any who were thought to be planning escape; the overcrowding, gross insanitary conditions, semi-starvation, and appalling death-roll—all these are recorded here without exaggeration—indeed, with restraint. Yet Wichert declares himself to be one of those who, in the fight against lies, force, injustice, and darkness, 'must see to it that from the things which no one can forget, more grows than just the bitter fruit of hatred'.

HENRY CARTER

The Cad (6d.), *Subtile Poison* (1s. 6d.), *Casualty* (1s. 6d.), by Frank C. Raynor; *Other Foundations* (1s.), by J. E. Eagles; *Pathfinder* (2s.), by Hilda P. K. Chamberlain; *The Third Day* (1s.), by A. G. Chant. (Epworth Press.)

One is glad that the Epworth Press has combined with the Temperance and Social Welfare Department to publish a series of plays concerned with the social evils of our time. Four are now available,—three by Frank Raynor, the fourth by J. E. Eagles. All four are usable, but they vary in quality, and tend to be melodramatic. Mr. Raynor's *The Cad*, a one-act play, handles the moral peril of gambling realistically and sanely. *Subtile Poison* deals with the same issue, but is a full-length play. Its plot and development are vigorous, and there can be little doubt the play will achieve its purpose when produced, though one could have wished that teaching so necessary as this might have been built round characters more normal. To focus the gambling issue in a scientist on the verge of discovering a cure for cancer and involved in a race against time to save the life of his own wife, yet on the critical day of his experiment leaving everything to go to the Derby, is to set the problem at a level that is 'unreal' to most of those who will see this play. *Casualty* is the most forceful of Mr. Raynor's trio. It tells the story of an attractive boy who enters the Forces, and takes to whisky in the hope of reducing fear. Demobilization finds him hopelessly in the grip of alcohol. There is an unpleasant scene on the first night of his return to a young wife, followed by a steady deterioration that ends in murder. Mr. Raynor's style and method will startle conventional churchfolk; occasionally he lapses into 'Victorianism'—as when the hurt and angry young wife retorts to her husband, 'My whole soul turns from you with sickening nausea.' In *Other Foundations*, Mr. Eagles also presents us with a young man home from the Forces in the grip of drink and betting. The theme is handled well, though the young Christian wife (with her endless references to 'what Mother used to do') will seem as unattractive a character to most young people as is the hard ex-W.A.A.F. with whom her husband is entangled. In Hilda Chamberlain's *Pathfinder* the characters are lively and human, and its theme (the reviving of a derelict village chapel) is interesting and challenging (though it is not our custom to close a chapel because a minister is ill, nor is it his responsibility to appoint a caretaker, or a choirmaster, or to decide on renovation). But would it not rightly be regarded as in the worst possible taste that a man conducting a memorial service for a girl killed in a motor crash should announce that it had been his intention to propose to her? *The Third Day*, as its name implies, is an Easter Play. It says nothing new, nor does it say tellingly what is old.

WILFRED WADE

Scrap-Book of J.O., by Erica Oxenham. (Longmans, Green & Co., 6s.)

'John Oxenham', the pseudonym by which W. A. Dunkerley came to be best known, was a prolific writer of fiction and verse who in the first thirty years or so of this century gathered to himself a large and admiring public. After his death in 1944 his daughter produced a biography which revealed a strong, courageous, and essentially Christian personality. Many of his admirers wrote asking for more, and so she has now gathered together certain 'overflow' material in this supplementary volume. It is a very pleasant book, filling out the portrait of a writer of high ideals, fine integrity, and great industry. We get further glimpses of his early life, of his association with the *Idler* and other journals, of his endeavour to keep the 'Oxenham' secret—with the worthy motive of confounding the 'log-rollers',—of his frustrated desire to turn playwright, and of the great ministry of his verse, about which he was exceedingly modest. There are unpublished verse fragments, travel letters, and so on. 'J.O.' had the habit of 'doodling' while he hammered out his sentences, and some amusing examples adorn the end-papers. The many debtors of 'John Oxenham' will be grateful for these additional details of his life and work. PHIL. J. FISHER

Sydney Howard: Christian and Comedian, by George Bennett. (Epworth Press, 1s.)

The humour of Sydney Howard is often described as natural Yorkshire humour, but it was more than that. There was conscious art in his simplicity, and his most famous triumphs bore the marks of that genius which is the comic spirit. Who does not remember him as the Yorkshireman asleep in the night train on the way to the Cup Final in *Up for the Cup*, who refused to get out at Euston because he had paid his fare to London? So too the irrepressible sailor, or the ponderous butler, or the solid policeman, was unmistakably Sydney Howard. He began by singing comic songs, first in minor music-halls, then in London variety programmes, until he became the first of his class in musical comedy and finally on the films. The present reviewer met him first at his Yeadon home over thirty years ago, and knew him well. Now a short but delightful memoir has been written by Mr. Bennett, who was minister at Yeadon for twelve years. All lovers of God's merry men should buy this little book. There is an excellent photograph on the cover.

S. G. DIMOND

More and More of Memories, by Arthur Porritt. (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

When Arthur Porritt, formerly Editor of the *Christian World*, was knocked down by a taxicab outside the National Liberal Club in London in November, 1935, he used his enforced leisure to write this book, but he did not live to see it published. In its always lively pages there are many vivid little sketches of politicians, preachers, and Pressmen. Some of them he knew well, and journalistic ingenuity did not fail him when he wished to include others whom he would have liked to know. Judging from this book, he had more slight acquaintances among famous people than most other men in Fleet Street. The chapters on John Burns, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, and Dr. Moffatt, however, are the fruit of close friendship. These, with the all too short pen-sketch of that 'prince of preachers' Samuel A. Tipple of Norwood, with the beautiful prayer reproduced in it, would alone make the book memorable. Arthur Porritt also knew W. G. Grace, and helped him to record his recollections. In Mr. Porritt's reminiscences of the Press-box at Lords, cricket enthusiasts will find much good material. Entertaining stories abound throughout the book. Here is a sample. Sir John Simon, having inspected the high officers of the Irish Free State Army, said to

the Governor-General: 'Healy, all your officers seem to be generals.' 'Yes,' Healy replied. 'And so were their mothers.' The closing chapter offers a fine and simple personal 'Credo'. Porritt's last testament, it reveals a good man.

R. G. BURNETT

The Wife of Heracles, being Sophocles' Play, 'The Trachinian Women', translated by Gilbert Murray. (Allen and Unwin, 5s.)

Hundreds of thousands of copies of Gilbert Murray's translations of Greek tragedy have been sold in the last forty years. He now gives us a faithful and workmanlike version of the *Trachiniae*. Some readers, particularly those who have no Greek, may deplore what they feel to be a decline in poetic richness, but surely the greater simplicity of Professor Murray's present style is pure gain. It was the overloading of his verse that provoked T. S. Eliot's biting comment, nearly thirty years ago: 'Professor Murray has simply interposed between Euripides and ourselves a barrier more impenetrable than the Greek language.' Now, however, his great skill at finding natural English equivalents for Greek idioms is no longer vitiated by an ambition to be an independent poet of the pre-Raphaelite school. No longer do we find striking metaphors with no warrant in the Greek, and Professor Murray seems to have adopted the salutary motto of the verse translator: 'Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.' The use of rhyme, though sometimes distracting, avoids the shapelessness of much modern blank verse. The diction is always dignified and sometimes moving. No more can reasonably be expected in a translation of Sophocles.

W. G. FINDLAY

The Poetic Image, by C. Day Lewis. (Jonathan Cape, 8s. 6d.)

In 1946 the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, invited Mr. C. Day Lewis to deliver the Clark Lectures, and now they are given to a wider audience. In the spring lecture he professes a certain dismay at finding himself, a practising poet, at work in the garden of poetry attaching labels to other growers' blooms, but in point of fact his lectures prove once more that the most constructive and revealing critics of poetry are those who practise it. He takes as his field of study the use of images. Among modern poets the word 'image' has become a sort of banner, and they tend to group themselves before it with their hands at the salute. But Mr. Lewis gently reminds them that this is the banner under which poets have always served. 'The image', he says, 'is the constant in all poetry. Trends come and go, diction alters, metrical fashions change, even the elemental subject-matter may change almost out of recognition: but metaphor remains, the life-principle of poetry, the poet's chief test and glory.' He believes that the best way to throw light on the poetry of our own time, and also to correct some of its exaggerations and eccentricities, is to consider the use of images through the long range of English poetry, and to relate the modern practice to that tradition. How rewarding a study this becomes in the hands of Mr. Lewis can only be seen when his book has been read. He is sure and sensitive in all his judgements, and constantly evokes that response of delighted recognition which only first-rate criticism calls up.

W. S. HANDLEY JONES

It Crossed My Mind, by W. S. Handley Jones. (Epworth Press, 7s. 6d.)

The Lark is in the Sky, by Rita F. Snowden. (Epworth Press, 5s.)

Caravan Joe, by H. L. Gee. (Epworth Press, 5s.)

In the first of these books, Mr. Handley Jones has collected some of his best essays from the *Methodist Recorder*. Is a writer the best judge of his best work? Another

hand might pluck a series quite as good, and as Mr. Jones is still writing, the best is yet to come, maybe. Another volume is indicated, and every reader of this will be expectant. True, there are parts which may provide hard going for some readers, but these are not to be by-passed lest one miss a happy reference, an arresting parallel or a memorable phrase, for these essays have the virtue and value of the unexpected. The writer, who doesn't pretend that writing is easy for him, brings to his task a philosophical outlook and a love of English literature. He acknowledges his antipathies. For instance, while he can write lyrically of the glory of the garden, he professes a distaste for Michaelmas daisies. He confesses, too, a dislike for footnotes, and none are found here, but some would be welcome. One could then discover what version or translation of Scripture the author uses, and find chapter and verse in Proverbs for mention of a silk purse and a sow's ear. Other quotations are not all word-perfect. But the essays are readable and memorable, pertinent and provocative, and timely and timeless because they largely deal with the realities of life as against conventions and face-values.

Miss Snowden's book is complementary—and complimentary—to Mr. Boreham's *A Late Lark Singing*. In face of a changing world she bases her chapters on memories and experiences, and reminds us that those who died gave their lives to give us a new chance. 'What do these men expect us to do with it?' If we follow the guidance of this book, there will be a happier, saner world. Miss Snowden has wise words both of caution and cheer, particularly in her reinterpretation of one or two 'texts'. The chapters are short and pithy; a journalist would have made a bigger book with this material—and with less success. Miss Snowden knows just how much to say, and leaves it at that. Blessed is the writer who leaves something to the imagination!

Mr. Gee's book is all imagination. Opening with pastoral simplicities, it progresses through one extraordinary circumstance and another to the expected and only possible *dénouement*—'happily ever after'. It is a rollicking extravaganza, with all the requisite *dramatis personae* of a first-class pantomime—Princess, Poor Young Man, and Prime Minister (the villain of the piece), and, heading the bill, Conjurer Joe. The scenes? Caravan and castle and corn-chandler's cellar. But what stage conjurer could emulate Joe's sleight of hand? Possibly that is the only 'snag' in the suitability of the book for broadcasting in the Children's Hour.

T. HAROLD MALLINSON

Times may Change, by Gilbert Thomas. (Epworth Press, 6s.)

Mr. Gilbert Thomas has added to his reputation by these forty short essays. While they deal with such different themes as Canals; 'Bradshaw'; 'Other People's Jobs'; Impatience; Umbrellas; Hobbies; Speed; . . . and 'The Last Word', this versatile author is always master of his subject, and gives 'suggestion', in a pleasant manner, on many aspects of life in a remarkably fresh way. His style is captivating, his language is crystal clear, and he has a sense of humour. He 'gets there'. He knows both that he is living in a very changeful age, and that there are abiding and changeless things, which 'matter most'. He is constructive when so many seem to delight in destruction. Writing on 'Book Scrutiny'—and he has examined forty thousand volumes—he says, 'the destruction of books is a sorry business'. Again, he puts 'Parish-pump patriotism' in its right place. This book is one of the best products of his wise pen.

G. SWAINE

Shrines of Christendom, by C. B. Jewson. (Kingsgate Press, 5s.)

In these 'Reflections of a Pilgrim', a cultured traveller, after enjoying a 'diet of worship' in many Christian places of worship, describes the impressions made on his mind and heart at each of them. The little book (which will go into the pocket)

includes excellent reproductions of 'shrines' at Norwich, Rome, Brussels, Chartres, Assisi, London, and Rugby. The author, a Baptist by conviction, writes first about worship both in his own loved chapel at Norwich and in Norwich cathedral. One reader, at any rate, who himself knows the strength of religious 'feeling' in that East Anglian community, can understand how our author is friendly disposed to all branches of the Christian Church. He has the gift of lucidly expressing what he has 'seen and felt' alike in Rome and Assisi, Rugby Chapel, and Fetter Lane. He fittingly quotes Dr. Johnson: 'That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon; or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' As we read, we realize that we are all 'one in Christ'. We specially urge Methodists to read the Fetter Lane chapter. There, on 31st December 1739, there was a Lovefeast which Mr. Jewson well calls 'the Pentecost of the Methodist Communion'.

G. SWAINE

New Testament Greek Grammar, by W. E. Vine. (Pickering and Inglis, 7s. 6d.)

This is called by the author *A Course of Self-Help for the Layman*. We are told that it is the outcome of a class, held by the author, and of a series of lessons first issued in a magazine. The author claims that in class his use of passages from the Greek Testament from the beginning proved of much practical value, as it doubtless increased the interest of the students. This grammar, then, is designed for those who have no knowledge of any Classical language, and who would find the ordinary grammars rather too difficult or forbidding, at any rate without a tutor. Perhaps this book over-simplifies the study, but if it encourages laymen who have no knowledge of Greek to take up seriously the study of the Greek Testament, it is to be commended. If the student will learn by heart those parts of the Lessons which are meant to be memorized, he will assuredly gain some knowledge of the Greek in which the New Testament was written. If, when he has mastered this book, he will begin again with Moulton's *Introduction to the Study of New Testament Greek* or Nunn's *The Elements of New Testament Greek*, he will be in a still better position to study the Greek Testament, with the help of Abbott-Smith's *Manual Greek Lexicon of the New Testament* and of good commentaries. But the layman who masters this small book, even if he has no leisure to go much beyond it, will find the effort has been worth while, in that he is better able to understand the New Testament and to appreciate such modern translations as those of Weymouth and Moffatt.

F. B. CLOGG

The ABC of The Greenhouse, by W. E. Shewell-Cooper. (The English Universities Press, 4s. 6d.)

No one interested in the greenhouse should fail to buy this book, for it will prove invaluable in the growing of food, flowers, and seedlings under glass. Many books on greenhouse culture have omitted to give that little bit of extra information which makes all the difference between failure and success, but this delightful book reveals the small secrets. Line illustrations show the least expensive of the effective methods of heating by oil, gas, coke, and electricity. The necessary equipment for the interior is described in full detail, as also is the correct method of ventilation. Composts and potting are fully dealt with, and special advice is given about the sterilization of soil, whose importance the novice is apt to underestimate. Many amateurs think that the growing of large chrysanthemums are beyond them, but, by following the advice given in this book, success should be assured. Pests and their control are fully discussed. The book is written simply, as it is meant for the novice, but more experienced gardeners will also find it useful. I recommend it with every confidence.

A. S. G. POCOCK

From My New Shelf

BY C. RYDER SMITH

The Work of Christ, by P. T. Forsyth. (Independent Press, 10s. 6d.)

A review of this volume would be very much 'behind the times'. There are, of course, several doctrines of the Atonement, but it is agreed that these 'lectures to young Ministers' furnish the classical account of one of them. To many it is the New Testament account. Today it is almost customary to say that Forsyth anticipated Barth. This is true, but Forsyth had all Barth's intensity without his extravagance. The volume belongs to a series of Forsyth's books that the Independent Press is reprinting. He is one of the few theological writers whose works demand it after a generation has passed. The reprint is complete, with a portrait, Dr. Whale's Foreword, and the memoir by Dr. Forsyth's daughter. The last tells the story of this son of a postman and a servant-girl, but it does not pretend to trace the spiritual pilgrimage by which the young 'Peter Taylor', as he used to be called in his first church at Shipley, found his own way from 'the left' to orthodoxy—or rather, to the Cross. Has anyone told *this* story? It ought to be told, not least 'for young ministers'.

Mysticism in Religion, by W. R. Inge. (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

The 'senile' (!) Dean anticipates the two obvious criticisms of his latest book. There is little in it—apart from some brief references to Russian and Indian mysticism and a page or two about Traherne—that he has not said before, and at first sight a chapter on 'Watchman, what of the Night?' may seem an intrusion. But the book brings together the main things that need to be said about mysticism in a convenient way and the 'Watchman' chapter shows that Dr. Inge is something more than 'gloomy', for he believes that the desperate state of the world will bring a revival of mystical religion, as has happened before in history. One could wish that he had treated at length some things that he names incidentally. For instance, if mysticism is 'singularly uniform . . . in all the higher religions', what becomes of the distinction between 'monistic' and 'dualistic' mysticism? The Dean is on the side of the dualists, but does not Christianity require that the monists are fundamentally wrong? Similarly, one would have liked a considerable discussion of the place that Christ holds in Christian mysticism. The Dean agrees, indeed, with Augustine that Platonism lacked the Christian doctrine of the 'love' of God, but is Christ no more than the revealer of this truth? Dr. Inge tells us that Paul says that He is—and leaves this crucial question. Or, again, the Dean holds that it is obvious that mysticism is aristocratic, in the true sense of that term, adding that a scholar's religion must, of course, differ from his kitchen-maid's, but how far is this so? Was not Brother Lawrence a cook? Is not the difference merely that the scholar seeks to explain what a kitchen-maid may experience? Dr. Inge might have found evidence of this among the early Methodists—in the hymns of Charles Wesley, in particular—if he had not ended his list of English mystics with the Quakers (who are great favourites of his) and William Law. Is the text 'The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God' confined to the few who toil up the Mystic Ladder? The Dean has small hope of the Churches, or, apparently, of 'the schools', for he seems to suggest that ordinary theology is just an exposition of 'popular' religion. He rightly claims that it is not 'irrational' to hold that reason can lead us much of the way to the knowledge of God, but that then she 'fails with all her powers' (not *his* quotation). He is right too when

he says that in the mystics' assurance that there is a God, for they know Him, there is something 'infallible', at least for them, but those who appeal to an 'infallible person' or an 'infallible book' claim to learn this too—and much more. When the mystics pass beyond this one affirmation and begin to say that they know things *about* God as well as that He is, do they agree? If not, which of them is infallible? But, if anyone wants a convenient discussion of mysticism that does not blink the philosophical problems that it raises or pretend that they are all soluble, this seasoned writer has provided it. There is no need to add that Plotinus is his hero.

Theology and the Atomic Age, by D. R. Davies. (Latimer House, 5s.)

Maurice to Temple, by Maurice B. Reckitt. (Faber and Faber, 16s.)

As it happened, I turned straight from the first of these books to the second. They are both series of lectures, and they both, in effect, seek to answer the question, 'What ought the Church to do now?' but there the resemblance ends. Mr. Davies gives two of his three lectures to a diagnosis of the present situation, challenging the common nineteenth-century belief in the inevitability of progress, showing how the Humanism that dates from the Renaissance is now clearly bankrupt, and animadverting on its cult of force. There is no need to say that he fulfils this task with trenchant vigour. He can even pertinently write, 'Yap, yap!' He has rare skill, too, in quoting from authoritative writers who are not theologians or even Christians. 'Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee' is often his unspoken text. But in this diagnosis he covers what is now familiar ground. His third lecture, which turns to the question, 'What ought we to do now?' is disappointing. Having reached the conclusion that 'the corruption and decay of the historic order' are 'inevitable', Mr. Davies invites us to preach eschatology in the form 'The Day of Judgement *may* be near'. Taken alone, is not this a modern variant of the preaching of hell-fire? Mr. Davies, of course, knows that by itself it is no gospel, but he has no more to say in this book on this crucial question.

In his very able book, Mr. Reckitt, almost silently, provides us with another answer. He introduces his subject with a properly brief introduction which shows that even in the early nineteenth century there were some Christians whose consciences were uneasy as they faced Humanism in the form of the Industrial Revolution. It is true that the first of these 'prophets crying in the wilderness' only sought to mitigate some of its worst results, but there came a second stage when such men as Shaftesbury demanded successfully that the capitalist or wages system should not be left unlimited sway, and then a third stage in which Christians challenged the system itself. Here there came the great triumvirate of Maurice, Kingsley, and Ludlow, and the greatest of these was Maurice. He declared that God Himself has a social doctrine and that it is for the Church to discover and practise it. There were those who heard his call and 'in many parts and many fashions' tried to respond to it. Mr. Reckitt's subject is confined to the Church of England. He makes no attempt to hide his High-Churchmanship, but the truth is that nearly all the Anglican leaders were High Churchmen, and he does not omit to mention others—notably, of course, Maurice himself. He tells us not only of such men as Gore and Scott Holland, but of such extravagant people as Stewart Headlam. He includes accounts of various Anglican societies as they have come and gone. He sometimes assumes that his readers already know the facts, but he has an unusually keen eye for the things below the surface. He shows how what was at first reckoned the 'fad' of a few has become a major concern in the Anglican Church. Here, of course, William Temple is the great name. Was he not made Archbishop soon after his Malvern Conference? While what Mr. Reckitt calls 'the reconstruction of society on Christian principles' is indeed a process that has hardly begun, it is now a recognized goal. To use Mr. Davies' accurate word, is it

not the task of 'theology' today to give itself to the elucidation of these principles and their application to life rather than to testify that the Crack of Doom may be near? Only if it does the former will the Church of Christ 'be ready' when its Lord comes.

The Russian Idea, by Nicolas Berdyaev. (Geoffrey Bles, 18s.)

Drat the book; it has no index and it badly needs one! This, however, is the only serious criticism to offer on this book—except, perhaps, that the title gives the hope that *one* idea will emerge, and the writer himself insists on the multiplicity and polarity of Russian thought. His subject is the nineteenth century, but he begins with the great seventeenth-century schism and brings us up to the outbreak of Bolshevism. It is hard for us to imagine a civilization without Augustine and Scholasticism, without Renaissance and Reformation, without capitalism and liberalism, and so on. Not long since Russia was counted unfortunate to have missed these things, but now many Russians—and Berdyaev among them—believe that it is great gain. They do not so much claim that a distinctively Russian civilization *has* emerged in consequence as that it *is* emerging. None the less, it was through the impact of Western civilization that the very complex 'Russian idea' began to be articulate. The writer tells us in detail of anarchism and nihilism, of individualism and totalitarianism, of *narodnichestvo* and *sobornost*, of universalism and messianism, and so on. While it is impossible to keep these things separate, he does try to concentrate upon one or two chapter by chapter. He tells us about the teaching of all the great Russian writers and many not so great. The chief names recur again and again. Not the least interesting parts of the book are the passages where Berdyaev describes groups of thinkers of various kinds to which he himself belonged, and he does not omit to include an account of his own place in the long series of thinkers. He takes it for granted that all along the leaders of both State and Church nearly always failed the Russian people, and he believes that Bolshevism is no more than a passing phase. He insists that the Russian, even when he thinks he is an atheist, is fundamentally religious. His greatest teachers, who have all been laymen, have all taught a philosophy of religion (rather than a theology). One of the recurrent themes is the peculiarly Russian sense of sin. A reader is left asking, 'What were the far-away roots of the ultimate Russian repudiation of the West?' Berdyaev would, I think, answer: 'Principally the vast stretch of the steppe and the unrecorded religion of the Russian peasant through many silent centuries.' Of course, he does not pretend that other Russian scholars will everywhere agree with him, yet this volume does give the clue, or most of the clues, to a labyrinth. One piece of advice that emerges is: 'Read and ponder Dostoevsky, and especially *The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor*.'

Albert Schweitzer, The Man and His Mind, by Georgen Seaver. (A. and C. Black, 18s.)

The second half of this book gives an account of Schweitzer's 'thought', chiefly by clear epitomes of his principal books. His immense versatility, of course, appears, and unlike most versatile men, he is nowhere a *dilettante*. On the intellectual side this is the miracle of Schweitzer. Except at two or three points, Mr. Seaver is his disciple, believing, for instance, that he has said the last word about Jesus and Paul and Bach. None the less, he gives some account of the criticisms of other specialists, subject by subject, and there is no need to discuss here either the achievements or deficiencies of the Schweitzerian contribution to thought, either in Biblical scholarship, or in philosophy (where, indeed, Schweitzer has not yet fully developed his findings), or (happily for the present reviewer) in music. His modern masters are Bach and Goethe, and after them Kant. It would be interesting to ask how far Schweitzer is the late but brilliant climax of the many-sided culture of eighteenth-century Germany. One of the three Appendixes shows his mastery of the problem

of 'The Relation of the White to the Coloured Races', both in theory and practice. From this study of Schweitzer's 'thought' it becomes clear that the man himself lives by two convictions—'Jesus is Lord' and 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me'. Do not these beliefs demand a Christology? Schweitzer's reply is: 'It is impossible, and even undesirable, to make one.' But if a man lives by this faith, he is a Christian, and Albert Schweitzer does so live. There are disputes enough about his 'thought', but there is none about his 'life'. Even the Church of today has its cluster of saints, and Schweitzer is one of them. The first half of the book tells the story of this saint. Mr. Seaver—who, as we learn incidentally, has been a civil servant in Northern Rhodesia—does not appear to have met Schweitzer or to have visited Lambaréne. He has gathered his material from Schweitzer's own books, from correspondence with him, and from the evidence of his many friends, and he has added many good pictures. His record of the years since 1937, when Schweitzer ended his last visit to Europe, is necessarily meagre, but he has done his work, not only *con amore*, but surprisingly well. We see the boy in his Alsatian home, a 'son of the manse' who, unlike some others, has never quarrelled with it. Then there is the record of his varied and brilliant academic years. As he had long determined, these ended at thirty, and Mr. Seaver rightly gives eight chapters out of the twelve in this half of the book to Schweitzer's forty missionary years. During them he has three times visited Europe. Here Mr. Seaver sometimes gives us little more than his hero's itinerary as he sweeps through one country after another to play Bach on an organ, or to give learned lectures, or to speak about his Mission, but the itinerary is like an itinerary of a flame. Three of Schweitzer's marks are 'scamp nothing', 'listen to little folk', 'one thing I do'. The crown of the book is, as it should be, the story of Schweitzer's incredible labours at Lambaréne. Here any epitome would spoil the story. John Wesley anticipated its master motive in a translation of a German hymn, 'Jesu, Thy boundless love to me. . . . Oh, may Thy love possess me whole. . . . All pain before Thy presence flies. . . . Dauntless to the high prize aspire. . . .'

From the Bible to the Modern World, Report of two Ecumenical Study Conferences, including addresses by K. Barth, C. H. Dodd, A. Nygren, A. Richardson, and others. (World Council of Churches, Study Department 17, route de Malagnou, Geneva.)

'How do we get from the Bible to the modern world—over a bridge of some sort, or over a great chasm which has to be leaped by faith?' At two gatherings in preparation for the Assembly of the World Council at Amsterdam later in the year, a number of well-known scholars have combined to try to answer this question, and a summary of their papers and discussions has now been issued in mimeographed form, under the title given above. This small book should be of great value to all who are seeking for a deeper understanding of the manner in which God meets us, and speaks to us, through the Scriptures. Copies can be obtained from Geneva if purchasers intimate that they have sent 3s. 6d. to Miss S. Morden, World Council of Churches, 7 Kensington Church Court, London, W.8.

The Ministry of the Church, by Stephen Neill and others. (Canterbury Press, 2s.)

In this little book Anglican Evangelicals reply to *The Apostolic Ministry*, recently edited by the Bishop of Oxford. It consists of a reprint (with revisions) of five articles written for the *Record*, with a preliminary chapter by Bishop Stephen Neill, and notes to each chapter by 'W. A. K.'—initials that no doubt stand for 'W. A. Kelk'. While much of the ground is covered in the familiar way, special attention is given to the contention that in the New Testament there is a distinction between a ministry that

is 'essential' and those that are 'functional', and to the connexion between the first and the Jewish *shaliach*. The writers point out the *lacunae* both in the evidence adduced and the argument built upon it. Under the later history of the doctrine there is a very good article on the teaching of the Church of England between the Reformation and the rise of the Oxford Movement. While the booklet admits that it is for specialists to sift the evidence for the new theory, it is itself a good account of the sieve.

The Message and Mission of Methodism, a series of pamphlets, Nos. 1 to 10. (Epworth Press.)

If anyone now asks, 'What does Methodism stand for?' this series gives him his answer. Or, again, if anyone wants clear Christian teaching in non-theological language, here it is. Being a retired tutor in theology, I have read the first ten numbers through with an eye to this point! Well, unless people call such terms as 'faith' and 'assurance' and 'Communion' 'theological jargon', there is none of it here. All the writers know two minds—the mind of Methodism and the mind of the sixteen-to-twenty-six-ers, and 'get it across' from the one to the other. Wilfred Wade leads with what is called 'an introduction', but his pamphlet, *Focus on Methodism* (1s.), might easily be made the basis of group study for two or three years, others of the series being used at appropriate points to supplement it. Maurice Barnett's *This Concerns You* (9d.) is on 'How to do it—by one who has done it'. Then a tutor, Norman Snaith, writes on *Immortality* (4d.), with a sentence or two that gives one pause. There are two numbers on Baptism—*The Baptism of a Child* ('for parents only'), by H. G. Fiddick (4d.), and *The Meaning of our Baptism*, by Kenneth Grayston (4d.). Roland Wilson writes on *Christian Assurance* (6d.), F. A. Farley on *Worship* (2d.), J. W. Waterhouse on *Holy Communion* (4d.), Maldwyn Edwards on *The Social Witness of Methodism* (4d.), and—for a change from parsons—Dr. Dorothy Farrar on *The Life of Prayer* (6d.). Her booklet is a gem. One suggestion may be made. Would it not be well in future numbers to say that *The Message and Mission of Methodism* is the title of the Methodist Conference's Call to the Church, giving its price?

BOOKLETS AND PAMPHLETS

In *The Oak and the Ash* (Dent, 6s.), Mr. John Short, a young poet of promise, takes us in some fifty poems from Westmorland to Kent, suggesting rather than describing the tumult of his reactions to situation after situation. About half the poems were written during the war. Mr. Short writes in a moderately modern style, preferring the crisp, and sometimes *staccato*, line. Unlike some other poets, he has not lost his faith. . . . If, last Christmas, anyone wanted a short, simple, adaptable and effective Order of Service for children (and therefore for adults) and could not find one, he might well make a note of Mr. Arthur E. Mills's *Christmas Hymns and their Stories* (Epworth Press, 4d.) for next Christmas. Children take part in the Service. . . . In *On Reconciliation* (Gollancz, 1s.), Mr. Victor Gollancz reprints two speeches, one addressed to Englishmen and one to Germans, which are, in effect, two earnest 'lay sermons' on the true meaning of 'forgiveness'. He urges that the worse a man has been and is, the more he needs the help of love. . . . Some Methodists in the Forces in Palestine were 'moved with compassion' for the multitude of blind people, and are now sponsoring a home for blind children near Bethlehem. The whole proceeds of the sale of *Bethlehem Today* (Epworth Press, 5s.) will go to help them. It is a booklet of seventeen excellent and various photographs, with very apposite quotations. . . .

Mr. Robert Birley, formerly Headmaster of Charterhouse, is Educational Adviser in the British Zone. In his Burge Lecture, *The German Problem and the Responsibility of Britain* (S.C.M., 1s.), he gives the best brief account that I have seen both of the malady from which Germany suffers and of the way to cure it. He urges that we need to send educational missionaries to train the right kind of German leaders.

NOTABLE ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

The Journal of Theological Studies, July–October 1947 (Oxford Press, 5s.).

The Unity of Purpose in New Testament Studies, by J. de Zwaan.

The ΕΓΩ EIMI of the Messianic Presence in the New Testament, by W. Manson.

The Origin and Meaning of the Term 'Son of Man', by J. Y. Campbell.

The Old Testament in the Fourth Gospel, by C. K. Barrett.

Some Reflections on the Servant Songs, by W. F. Lofthouse.

God and the Unconscious, by Geddes MacGregor.

Liberalism and Orthodoxy, by E. L. Mascall.

Theologische Zeitschrift, March–April, 1947 (Verlag Friedrich Reinhardt A.G., Basel, Fr. 4.50).

Ugaritische Probleme und ihre Tragweite für das Alte Testament, by Walter Baumgartner.

Kennt das Neue Testament die Vorstellung vom Fegefeuer?, by Hans Bietenhard.

Zur Selbstkritik des Luthertums, by Ernst Wolf.

do., May–June, 1947.

Die Bildersprache in der Johannes-Apokalypse, by Karl Ludwig Schmidt.

Das wahre durch die ausgebliebene Parusie gestellte neutestamentliche Problem, by Oscar Cullmann.

Neues zur Lebensgeschichte und Persönlichkeit des Theophrastus Paracelsus, by Kurt Goldammer.

do., July–August 1947.

Dänische Theologie der Gegenwart, by Johannes Slök.

Geistliches und weltliches Regiment bei Luther, by Gustaf Wingren.

Quelques aspects de la pensée de Calvin sur le Saint-Esprit et leurs enseignements pour nous, by Edmond Grin.

Zur Frage nach dem Sinn der Geschichte, by Theophil Steinmann.

do., September–October 1947.

Eine Textvariante klärt die Entstehung der Pastoralbriefe auf, by Christian Maurer.

Jeremias Gotthelf, der Dichterprediger und seine Zeit, by Eduard Buess.

Nach der christlichen Weltkonferenz in Oslo, by Giovanni Rizza.

do., November–December 1947.

Emploi et portée du verbe δέρω (créer) dans l'Ancien Testament, by Paul Humbert.

Kontroverse: Zur Diskussion des Problems der ausgebliebenen Parusie,—Replik von Fritz Buri; Duplik von Oscar Cullmann.

Aus dem theologischen Leben Basels im Anfang des 19. Jahrhunderts. Nach dem ersten Band der Biographie Jacob Burckhardts von Werner Kaegi, by Paul Burckhardt.

Deutsche Philosophie in der Nachkriegszeit, by Hermann Gaufi.

Zum Gedächtnis an Rudolf Liechtenhan, by Karl Ludwig Schmidt.

The Harvard Theological Review, April 1947 (via Oxford Press, \$1.00).

The Marriage of Ruth, by H. H. Rowley.

The So-Called Epiclesis in Hippolytus, by Cyril C. Richardson.

καρδιών as a Missionary Term, by David Daube.

Jonathan Scott's 'Brief View', by Maurice W. Armstrong.

do., July 1947.

Irenaeus: Mostly Prolegomena, by Morton S. Enslin.

Greek Mysteries in the Confession of St. Cyprian, by Martin P. Nilsson.

Early Quakerism and Uncanonical Lore, by Henry J. Cadbury.

Constantine Harmenopoulos's Work on Heresy, by Robert P. Casey.

do., October 1947.

Strata of Greek Religion in Aeschylus, by Friedrich Solmsen.

Theophilus of Antioch to Autolycus, by Robert M. Grant.

The Cultural Mission of Russian Orthodoxy, by Robert P. Casey.

Kerkdienst. A Dutch periodical devoted to practical churchmanship. The issue for February–March 1947 is Part 7–8 in the twelfth annual series. (Van Gorcum and Comp. N.V., Uitgevers, Assen.) The main contents of this number are: The Service of Women in the Church; Some Notes on the Elements in Divine Worship; Church Choirs and Musical Societies; A Celebration of the Lord's Supper at Geneva; Pastoral Care—Before and After; Church Mission Work at the Hague; Catechisms. (Published eight times a year. Annual subscription, fr. 3.50.)

Die Zeichen der Zeit, Heft 10, 1947 (Evangelische Verlagsanstalt GmbH., Berlin, 18 Georgenkirchstr. 70; R.M. 1.50).

Der Mensch und die irdischen Güter (Die Leutige Bedeutung der sozialen Ordnungen des altestamentlichen Bundesvolkes), by Walter Eichrodt.

Die Kirche vor den Parteien, by Oskar Hammelsbeck.

Karl Barth in Berlin und Dresden, by Gertrud Staewen.

do., Heft 11/12, 1947 (RM. 3.00).

Gericht und Heil im alttestamentlichen Prophetenwort, by Walter Zimmerli.

Die Arbeit der evangelischen Theologie seit Kriegsausbruch, by Hans-Werner Bartsch.

Die Frage nach dem rechten Seelsorger (ThurneySEN), by Hans Jänicke.

Die Wahrheit am rechten Ort (Thielicke), by Rudolf Weckerling.

Religion in Life, Winter (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, via Epworth Press, 9s. 6d. per annum).

The Protestant Churches and the New World, by Leslie D. Weatherhead.

Secularism in the College (in U.S.A.), by Clyde A. Holbrook.

A Skirt of Fig Leaves (Amiel), by F. Potter Woods.

Is Europe Preparing for a Holy War?, by André Trocmé.

The Prophetic Meaning of Sectarian Ecstasy, by Irving R. Miller.

The Journal of Religion, October (Chicago University Press, via Cambridge Press, \$1.50).

Roots of Theological Thinking (on 'The Unit of Experience'), by George Gordh.

Kierkegaard and the Church, by Mallary Fitzpatrick, Jr.

Negro Membership in Six White Protestant Denominations, by Frank S. Loescher.

The Genius of Protestantism, by B. Eugene Meland.

The Presbyter, Fourth Quarter, 1947 (J. Clarke, 1s.).

The Teaching of Karl Barth on the Doctrine of the *Imago Dei*, by H. Hirschwald.

Why Bother about Social Justice?, by H. F. Woodhouse.

The Expository Times, December (T. & T. Clark, 1s. 3d.).

The Modern Re-statement, I., by J. W. Hunkin.

Worship and the Child, by William Barclay.

Marriage in the Early Christian Church, by William Robinson.

do., January.

The Modern Re-statement, II., by J. W. Hunkin.

The Church and Christian Marriage Today, by A. J. Betteridge.

Latowrette's 'Expansion of Christianity', 1914–45, by John Foster.

do., February

The Personality of Ezekiel,—Priest or Prophet? by Harold Knight. An Exposition of Mark viii. 14–21, by D. Howard Smith. The Joseph Saga, by E. W. Heaton.

The International Review of Missions, January (Oxford Press, 3s.).

Christian Witness in a Revolutionary World: Whitby, Ontario, 1947.

Oslo, 1947, by John W. Sadig.

The Inauguration of the Church of South India, by Carol Graham.

The Presence of Protestantism in Latin America, by Alberto Remba.

Teachers of Today, December–February (Religious Education Press, 6d.).

New Methods in Youth Discussion, by Bryan H. Reed.

Education in and out of School, by J. Eric Dixon.

Youth and the Abundant Life, by Norman J. Bull.

The Yale Review, Winter (Yale University Press, via Oxford Press, \$1.00).

Can We Check Inflation?, by Jacob Viner.

Peace Strategies in an Unstable World, by Frederick S. Dunn.

The Professional Teacher (in U.S.A.), by Francis T. Spaulding.

Britain's Present Crisis, by C. William Vogel.

FROM MY NEW SHELF

The Journal of Politics, November 1947 (University of Florida, \$3.50 per annum).

In this number there are twelve articles under the general title, 'Post-War Government in the Far East', different experts writing on China, Japan, the Soviet Far East, Korea, the Netherlands East Indies, India, British South-East Asia, the Philippines, and French Indo-China.

Studies in Philology, October 1947 (University of North Carolina Press, via Cambridge Press, \$1.25).

Magic and Mechanics in Medieval Fiction, by Merriam Sherwood.

Current Scholarly Works and the 'Erudition' of Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*, by Ernest W. Talbert.

Comus and the Rose Song, by Fredelle Bruser.

Herder, Cesaretti and Vico, by Robert T. Clark, Jun.

Carlyle and the Composition of *The Life of John Sterling*, by William Blackburn.

Divine and Sacred Catechism, by A. Makrakis. (Hellenic Christian Society, Chicago, \$2.00.)

Memoir on the Nature of the Church of Christ, by A. Makrakis. (Christian Brotherhoods, New York, \$1.50.)

Proofs of the Authenticity of the Septuagint. (Hellenic Christian Society, Chicago.)

These books are translations from the original Greek. Their authors have long been dead, and one cannot help asking whether it was really necessary to dis-inter their works. They are chiefly of interest as revealing the mind of the translators and their public. Apostolos Makrakis (1831-1905) was a Greek philosopher-theologian who lived and worked chiefly in Athens. In the books here under review he sets out to establish and commend Christian truth and put to flight all heresies. His *Catechism* is a dogmatic treatise in three books, setting out the Christian faith as taught by the Holy Spirit and its (*sic*) official instruments from the day of Pentecost to the Seventh Ecumenical Council. The *Memoir* on the Church first explains that the true Church is constituted by a 'sacred Trinomy'—a correct belief in Christ as the Son of God, a correct celebration of the Eucharist, and a correct adherence to the Apostolical Succession. Judged by this standard, both Papists and Protestants are duly consigned to perdition. While there are abuses in the Orthodox Church, it is the one and only Church of Christ. The pamphlet on the *Septuagint* is a brief summary of a four-volumed work by Constantine Oeconomus Protopresbyter, published in Athens, 1844-9, plus an Epilogue which summarizes in seven pages the whole philosophical system of A. Makrakis. The Protopresbyter's thesis is that the LXX as received in the Greek Orthodox Church is an exact translation from the original Hebrew and the sole authentic, God-inspired Scripture of the Old Testament. In view of his date, we need not censure the Protopresbyter; but the publishers could have put their paper to better use.

PHILIP S. WATSON

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